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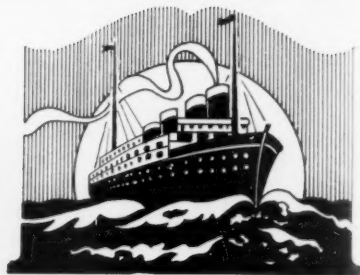
ROTARIAN

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS
ONE SHILLING

Why Go North? - - By Donald B. MacMillan
Is College Really So Bad? - By Max McConn
On Tour! - - - - - By André Maurois
Let's Quit Lawin' - - By Harry Hibschan

DECEMBER 1930

CROSS THE ATLANTIC



Have you ever dreamed of crossing the Atlantic? The wondrous days and enchanting nights of an ocean voyage? Have you ever longed to see and explore Europe with all its unique and fascinating sights? The fellowship of a Rotary Convention will be mingled with the joy of exploring the historic scenes and beauty spots of Vienna and other cities you have long wished to visit. **Q** Anywhere in Europe you may prefer Trips from two to seven weeks with your own Rotarian friends and in charge of an experienced tour conductor from the British Isles to Palestine . . . from Poland to Spain . . . from Norway to southern Italy. **Q** An astonishingly low basic cost from New York to Europe and return . . . choice of four steamship companies and eight tourist agencies . . . scores of delightful tours from which to make your selection of a Post-Convention trip. **Q** The Intention-to-Go Card filled in and mailed today will bring you full information promptly

Official Tourist Agencies

American Express Company
65 Broadway
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Bennett's Travel Bureau, Inc.
580 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

James Boring's Travel Service,
Incorporated
730 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Thomas Cook & Son
585 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Dean & Dawson, Ltd.
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George E. Marsters, Inc.
248 Washington Street
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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126 Newbury Street
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Temple Tours, Inc.
Park Square Building
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



VIENNA

June 22-26

1931

The OFFICIAL FLEET

S.S. George Washington
Sailing from
New York, June 3rd

S. S. Carinthia
Sailing from
New York, June 3rd

S. S. Westernland
Sailing from
New York, June 6th

S. S. America
Sailing from
New York, June 8th

S. S. Caronia
Sailing from
New York, June 10th

S. S. Duchess of York
Sailing from
Montreal, June 10th

IMPORTANT

We have found that it will be necessary for some Rotarians to sail earlier than the sailings of the "Official Fleet." The Transportation Committee has made arrangements with the Official Steamship Lines to book sailings, on any class of travel, at prevailing rates at an earlier date if desired. Notify Transportation Committee when you wish to sail—class of travel, hotel accommodations and tours wanted.

INTENTION-TO-GO CARD

Transportation Committee, Rotary International,
211 West Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois

IT IS MY INTENTION TO ATTEND THE 1931 ROTARY CONVENTION

Name in Full _____

Member of Rotary Club at _____

My P. O. Address _____

Signature _____

To your Hungry little Brothers and Sisters the World Around



The long arm of a generous Nation reaches to every far corner of the world, when calls of need are heard. It is characteristic of us, as a people, that we are ever cheerfully, eagerly willing to respond in such hours of dire extremity. Time and time again, it has transpired, through the years—**AMERICA WILL NOT STAND IDLY BY WHEN SUDDEN CATASTROPHE DESCENDS UPON A HELPLESS UNIVERSE.** We have a greater heart than we know, perhaps. It is, in the last analysis, no more than a beautiful demonstration of spirituality.

Now "Golden Rule Week" comes to prove once again that Uncle Sam has vast compassion for those who hunger and are heavy-hearted. **HE WILL NOT FAIL.** It is, in this instance . . . the cries of little children . . . 'hungry children . . . wee boys and girls, emaciated and very much alone. When one stops to think that these precious, charity-dollars **FEED HUNGRY CHILDREN . . . save lives . . . go forth as splendid missionaries of Godliness—the act of giving becomes one of the sweet experiences of existence.** This call comes at an hour so serious that delay is unthinkable. The coupon below should become the link between you and the starving children of many lands. Holidays will be days of thankful prayer if you respond.

A Non-Sectarian Charity Far-Reaching in the Good It Does

This Drive is non-sectarian . . . it has no barriers of race nor creed. All it asks is that children shall be served and that hunger shall not long endure. Think of the grave disaster which was visited upon Porto Rico! Thousands upon thousands of little children are **STARVING** there. And they are **AMERICAN** children, mind you.

From the lonely, bleak mountains of the South—in our own United States—to the most remote lands of Europe, "Golden Rule Week" funds go . . . to relieve actual, bitter suffering and to save the lives of the generation which is to come.

DECEMBER
7-14

The donor may designate his gift for any philanthropy in which he is especially interested and one hundred cents of every dollar will go as designated—none for expenses.

Undesignated gifts will be allocated by the Survey Committee after careful investigation to meet the most acute needs through the most efficient agencies.

THE GOLDEN RULE FOUNDATION,
Lincoln Building, 80 E. 42 St.,
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find \$ to be
used in meeting the needs of suffering
humanity.

NAME

ADDRESS

Designated for

Golden Rule Week

ROTARY DELEGATES ..

Once in EUROPE.. why not SEE EUROPE?

Once you have crossed the Atlantic—the Old World throws you her challenge to high adventure!

After the close of the Twenty-second Annual Rotary Convention in Vienna you can answer this challenge by taking a tour . . . through glamorous lands . . . whichever intrigues your fancy . . . *France, England, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Hungary, Jugoslavia, Poland and Russia!*

At the invitation of the Rotary International, the American Express has made arrangements for a varied list of escorted tours mapped out exclusively for Rotarians. They vary from two to seven weeks in duration and proportionately, and moderately, in price.

These tours are the most comfortable and convenient way of seeing Europe. The barriers of foreign languages, customs, and currencies are smoothed over for you by an experienced tour manager who accompanies each group. And the groups are made of congenial fellow Rotarians! American Express offices and representatives, welcome stations of service and information throughout Europe, are ready to serve you wherever you travel.

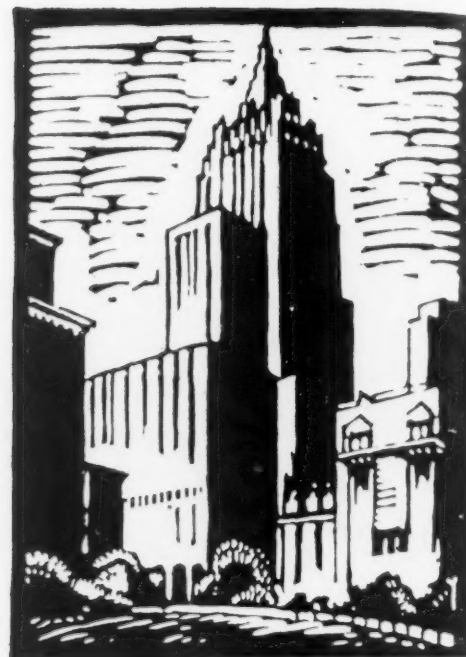
The American Express booklet, "Rotary Club Post-Convention Tours", contains some valuable travel hints and will help you decide where and how to go. It will be yours for the asking. Do not wait until the eleventh hour. The time to procure choicest accommodations is now.

AMERICAN EXPRESS Travel Department

65 Broadway, New York

Officially appointed by the Board
of Directors of Rotary International

American Express Travelers Cheques Always
Protect Your Funds



★ Coming—In January

From the Worst to One of the Best Governed Cities

Cincinnati in twenty-five years has jumped from the foot of the municipal class to the head. Once "corrupt and contented" she is now wide-awake—and has cleansed her city hall of crookedness inside and of grime outside. Elmer Dressman, who recently contributed "The P. and G. Ship—It Floats" to the ROTARIAN, tells what has happened in Cincinnati. It's an enlightening story of profound interest to every Rotarian-citizen.

Does It Pay to Be Polite?

It does! Customers like to be treated courteously, like to have their whimsicalities tactfully humored, like to be "right" even though they are wrong. Telephone companies, theatres, and motor coach lines were among the first to recognize this fact. Now banks, stores, and shops are learning that it pays in dollars to give the soft answer. You'll find a lesson in Mary Alden Hopkins' article.

An Airplane for the Family!

The time is at hand when families will have an airplane just as they do an automobile. ". . . Holiday touring in a private plane offers pleasures undreamed of. . . . The most out of way places are brought next door." Sir Alan J. Cobham, England's "aerial ambassador" talks authoritatively.

In the January Number

The ROTARIAN

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

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AN ORIGINAL WOOD ENGRAVING BY BEN ALBERT BENSON

Is There a Santa Claus?

ONE September day in 1897, a queer letter came to the editorial desk of the old New York *Sun*. It was a simple query from a little girl who quite obviously had experienced the chill of disillusionment in her faith in Santa Claus, and wished the matter settled finally, positively.

The letter was turned over to Francis Pharcellus Church to answer. "And Church," says a contemporary, "bristled and pooh-poohed . . . but he took the letter and turned with an air of resignation to his desk." He did not know that, thirty years hence, his name would be remembered only for the reply he dashed off.

Church, we learn, was born in Rochester, New York, on February 22, 1839. He was graduated with honors from Columbia College in 1859. His study of law was soon discontinued, however, for he realized his life could be fulfilled only in writing. So, he wrote. He died April 11, 1906, and the following day readers of *The Sun* were informed that the reply to Virginia O'Hanlon's letter which they had grown to love, was from his pen.

Perhaps no newspaper article has been reprinted so many times as has this classic of sentiment. Fathers and mothers the world over have come to look for it every Christmas season, and boys and girls, who now listen to it, will doubtless some day be reading it aloud to their children. It is a part of the literature of the race.

Here it is, just as it unostentatiously appeared in *The Sun*, September 21, 1897:

* * *

"WE TAKE pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of *The Sun*:

DEAR EDITOR—I am 8 years old.

Some of my little friends say there is no SANTA CLAUS.

Papa says, 'If you see it in *The Sun* it's so.'

Please tell me the truth, is there a SANTA CLAUS?

VIRGINIA O'HANLON.

115 West Ninety-fifth street.

"VIRGINIA, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, VIRGINIA, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe

A New York editor of a generation ago is remembered today because he wrote a friendly letter to a perplexed eight-year old girl.

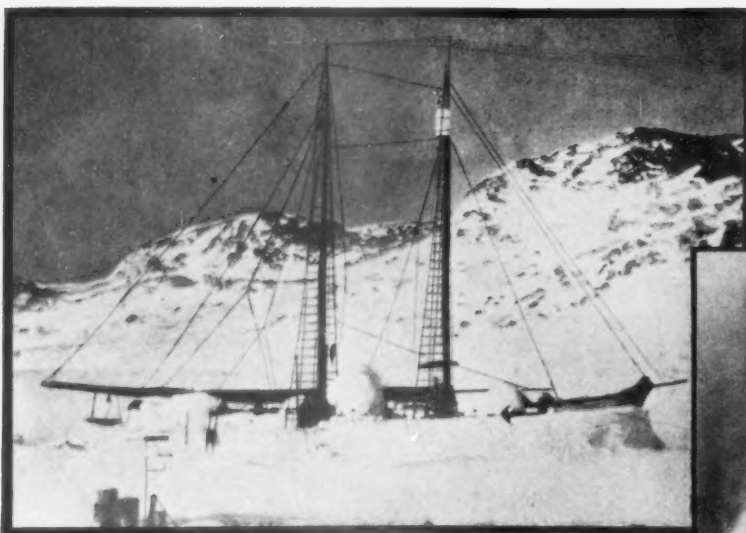
of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

"YES, VIRGINIA, there is a SANTA CLAUS. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no SANTA CLAUS! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

"Not believe in SANTA CLAUS! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch SANTA CLAUS, but even if they did not see SANTA CLAUS coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees SANTA CLAUS, but that is no sign that there is no SANTA CLAUS. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

"You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, VIRGINIA, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

"No SANTA CLAUS! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, VIRGINIA, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."



The author's ship "Bowdoin," 11 degrees from the North Pole, was frozen-in for 320 days. Igloos cover the hatches.

Commander Donald B. MacMillan

Why Go North?

By Donald B. MacMillan

Leader of the MacMillan Expedition to Iceland

THE true value of the work of an arctic explorer is not only questioned by the hard-headed practical man of affairs but by men in nearly all walks of life. They cannot visualize the cold barren ends of this world as ever being populated, its barren stretches of rolling country as ever producing anything for the sustenance of man, its rocky hills as ever adding one iota to the mineral wealth of the world.

Such men question the expenditure of thousands of dollars and the possible loss of life for the exploration of that wherein there is no value, that is, no ready-money revenues except to the returning explorer through his magazine articles, books, and lectures.

Such a belief, and, I may say, misconception of what has been termed "The Great White North" is based largely upon the contents of that great educator of the human race, the daily newspaper. This, in presenting the so-called results of a home-coming expedition, utilizes far more space in depicting the hardships, and dangers and deaths than in reporting the discovery of a new species of animal or plant in which a busy world is too busy to be interested.



Photo: Bachrach

To erase "unknown" from maps of ice-locked wastes, men forsake quiet hearths and unflinchingly accept the dare of arctic perils.

Even the narrative of the arctic traveler, as planned and accepted by the publishers, must be one largely of adventure and hair-breadth escapes to command the attention of the purchasing public. Real value is subordinated to interest and entertainment when nearly every scrap of scientific information is religiously removed or consigned to the appendix, that part of the book which is rarely read.

What an absorbingly interesting story is Nansen's "Farthest North" as it unfolds the picture of the sturdy *Fram*, locked in her ice cradle, ever drifting northward into the Great Unknown, subject to such tremendous pressure that the hard, flinty ice of the polar sea mounted her rails and poured into her cabins! When the book is reluctantly closed there

remains the indelible picture of Nansen and Johansen trudging northward over the shifting polar packs, of their retreat southward, killing their dogs one by one, of their miserable shelter in their rock cave during the long arctic night, of that historic swim in ice water in pursuit of their boat, and then of that fortunate and dramatic meeting of Nansen and Jackson and their safe return home.

Yes, the reader is entertained but not a single fact will be remembered of real or permanent value excepting courage, determination, stamina. And yet no man brought out of the North more or as much of real or lasting value than Nansen.

SUCH values have been dribbling out of northern mists for more than a thousand years, from the time when those hardy adventuresome Vikings pushed on in their open boats from the Faroe Islands to snow-capped Iceland with its babbling hot springs! And then on to Greenland buried beneath 500,000 square miles of ice, the accumulation of the tiny snowflakes of aeons of time. They did this not for books, magazines, or the lecture field, but to see, and to know and to realize eternal truths about this bit of dust revolving in space and rushing on with incredible speed no one knows where.

As long as there is a white spot on the maps marked "Unknown," man will continue to go on, to seek and to find, to correct and to substitute fact and truth for poetical and mythical conceptions which are always present where ignorance rules. And no part of the world has had more pertaining to it than the North.

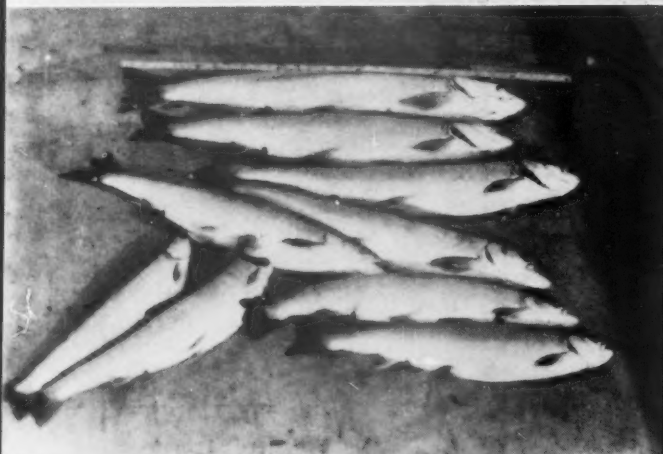
One popular and generally accepted belief was that in the North dwelt a very happy people, Hyperboreans by name, and they lived so far north that their abode was even beyond the terribly cold winds in a land of sunshine and warmth. Strange to relate, these people lived in woods and groves and not in houses! War, sickness, and even old age were unknown! Life was one long existence of song and dancing. Certain ones even had the power of flight, and journeyed around the world on an arrow. Here there were temples floating freely in the air, supported by wings and rich in offerings. The priests were giant brothers, twelve feet tall. When the sacred songs were sung, great clouds of swans came from the mountains, alighted upon the temple, and joined in the sacred rites.

We find in the literature of the Greeks: "This land is not too cold, not too warm, free from disease; care and sorrow are unknown there; the earth is without dust and sweetly perfumed; the rivers run in beds of gold, and instead of pebbles they roll down pearls and precious stones."

In the early days of ignorance and superstition such beliefs

A human color-scale: The maiden at the top is a full-blooded Eskimo. The next two are half Dane. At the bottom is shown the fine new type of Danish-Eskimo being evolved in west Greenland.





concerning the remote and inaccessible were but natural, but hardly to be expected in these enlightened times; and yet they exist. Some of you remember that persistent belief in the open polar sea. Dr. Kane claimed to have actually discovered it. Dr. Hayes entitled his book "The Open Polar Sea." We believed in its existence for fifty years. Scientists theorized, the laymen conjectured. There could be no ice at the "Top of the World." It must be an "Open Polar Sea."

THE British North Pole Expedition of 1875, elaborately equipped and costing more than one-half million dollars still had faith in this mythical sea and started bravely northward from the shores of Grant Land, pulling their heavy boats through and over the troublesome pressure ridges of the polar basin, confident that just beyond the white horizon there was blue water into which they could launch their boats, spread their sails, and go on to the Pole itself. Broken in health by their strenuous work, riddled with scurvy, it is almost a miracle that any of them returned.

We well remember the "Hollow Earth Club," composed of men who believed and argued that the earth was not an oblate spheroid but cylindrical in shape. By sailing northward and thence inward, a man might reach the interior of the world. There he would find a race of people, living as comfortably and as prosperously as man on the exterior of the globe.

A book published a few years ago contains the following: "The earth is hollow. The Poles so long sought are but phantoms. There are openings at the northern and southern extremities. In the interior are vast continents, oceans, mountains, and rivers. Vegetables and animal life are evident in this new world and it is probably peopled by races yet unknown to the dwellers upon the earth's exterior."

That such beliefs—ludicrous, ridiculous, and otherwise—were existent in the minds not only

The sulky young musk-ox of Ellesmere Land is not quite sure he is going to enjoy this hitching-up business. The fish are sea trout from arctic waters. Below them you see Mr. In-you-gée-to and his wife, Too-cuin-a, and their three children sunning themselves. They have a pretentious igloo home in icy Etah and have the further distinction of being the most northern family in the world.

of the ignorant but in those of the most highly educated is clearly evidenced by the fact that there is a book found in nearly all of our best libraries entitled "Paradise Found, the Cradle of the Human Race at the North Pole." This book was written by the president of an American university, a scholar and a scientist and one highly respected in educational circles.

Many scientists were of the opinion that the Polar Basin was necessarily shallow. Many asserted that it was deep. One well-known author and authority stated that undoubtedly there was a large mass of land at the North Pole as there is at the South Pole, that all great icebergs had their origin upon the shores of this land. And so on down through the centuries man has reasoned, guessed, and conjectured, and the scientist has theorized as to the actual condition in the Far North. Man would continue to do so today had Kane, Hayes, Hall, Greely, Peary, and many others not gone North.

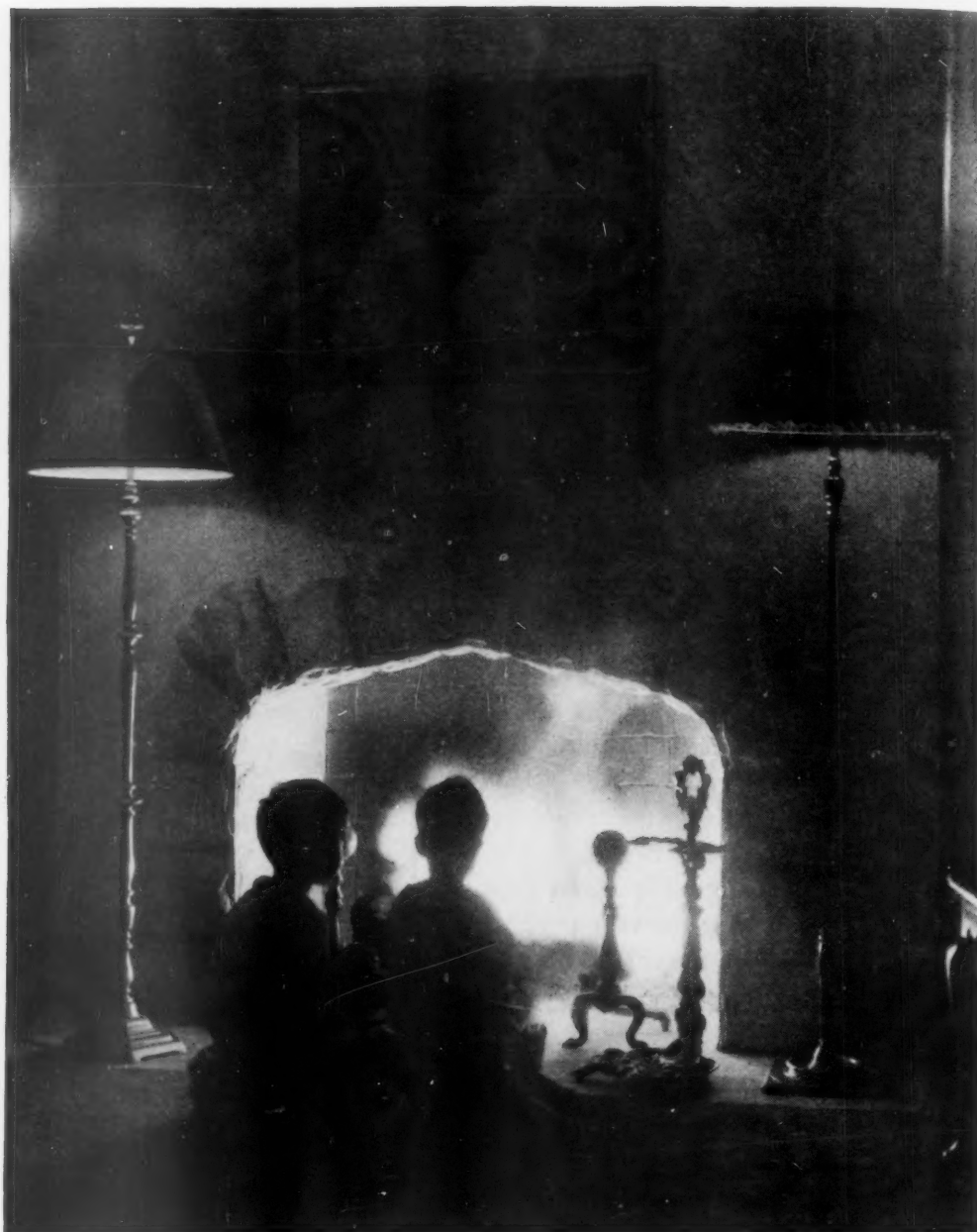
WHEN the explorer looked out over the bow of his ship at the great white ice field of Baffin and Melville Bay, he wondered what there was beyond, and man will continue to wonder until every coast line has been delineated and all lands accurately mapped. Strong ships were built to smash into that ice, and many were crushed. Yes, twenty in one day, including the whaler *Race Horse*, one of the largest and strongest of the Dundee whaling fleet, which was literally turned inside out, her keel bursting up through her deck, and her masts falling over her side!

Stronger ships were built, and when blocked by ice, men stepped out over the rails, harnessed themselves to their sledges and plodded on northward, crossing treacherously thin ice, climbing pressure ridges, mounting glaciers, until they stood at the most northern point of land in the world [Continued on page 59]

Striking photographic effects are obtained in the diffused northern light. "Midnight suns," eleven degrees from the Pole, were caught in the top picture. Next is a gaunt white wanderer migrating south. It is, however, but a mere chip off the parental block of a mammoth Greenland Glacier, such as the one shown below it, of which the author made observations over a period of four years.



*"Whatever furore
may arise over birth
control . . . Nature
will fight fiercely for
the preservation of
any branch in her
great family of fam-
ilies."*



*Photo: Publishers'
Photo Service*

"The Lights Are All Bright, Sir!"

By Elmer T. Peterson

THE family is coming back home.

As Thanksgiving and Christmas approach, a time of family reunions and the exaltation of the spirit of pure childhood and parenthood, this news is seasonably cheerful. The skeptic may ask, "Is the wish the father of the thought?" So, let us think; examine evidence; analyze.

Sometimes a saying gets started, and it travels

indefinitely without check and without warrant. Such is the saying of the pessimists who lately have been lamenting the imminent disappearance of that admirable institution, the home:

"We are living in such a hectic and complex age!"

Isn't this one of the "things that we say so often that we get to believe them ourselves?"

Isn't there a lot of unconscious pose to this attitude, after all? Isn't a lot of the ostensible hurry merely a bit of stage play? Are we all really as busy as we

pretend to the world and, perhaps, think we are? In great cities like New York and Chicago, where life is supposed to flow the swiftest, one is impressed with many of the men of large affairs who are supposed to be dreadfully busy, but who easily become involved in discussions having nothing to do with business, and not simply out of courtesy, either. In the smaller cities, I have a definite feeling, more work per day is accomplished—in fact I was told that very thing by one of the most important men in New York. Of course you have heard of those important conferences that keep visitors outside cooling their heels, while conferees talk about yesterday's golf game!

AND their wives? Perhaps they, too, are in a powerful state of hurry-nerves, rushing from one engagement to another, but what do they do when they get there that brings on high blood pressure? Shop leisurely, perhaps, or sit for a "facial," or play bridge or golf, or what have you?

And the children? Don't they acquire a lot of pre-occupation—an intense, set attitude of haste—from their parents, without reason?

When I was a boy in a small town there was a man who maintained a tiny real-estate office. He used to get up at four o'clock every morning, gulp his breakfast, and rush to his office. There was a tradition about him. The other townsmen said: "Ira gets up early so he'll have more time to loaf."

The lamentation on the imminent disappearance of the home is now behind the times.

It is based upon the alleged spirit of the age of jazz, theaters, joy-rides, bright lights, hyper-organization, intense business life, bridge, golf, clubs, institutionalization of recreation, a multiplicity of outside interests. People have become so dazzled by modern invention and its liberating possibilities that they are neglecting the home shrine, and pause there only long enough to gulp a few frenzied bites of food or sleep a few hours, and then—away they go! That is the story we have been hearing, and no one has seemed to deny. But is it true, after all?

I am writing this at home. Downstairs the radio sometimes makes it difficult to continue writing, for the freshman son was first listening to President Hoover in his address to the national bankers' convention at Cleveland, then switched to a symphony orchestra, then "The Song of Love" from "Blossom Time," then Percy Grainger's "In a Country Garden." The older son is awaiting the visit of a chum

who had spoken of coming over to play pingpong in the basement living-room, where there is a fireplace and plenty of light. Their mother will read magazines, books, and newspapers while I write.

The thought insistently presents itself: Is there any real, tangible, important reason why the advantages of modern life—inventions and the forces of change—should not draw the family together just as strongly as it might have separated its members? Is there any actual element of modernity that necessarily works against the solidarity of the home?

The automobile takes the members of the family away from home, but it takes them back just as rapidly, if they want to get back. For the purpose of this article, that is about the same as saying that the telephone makes it possible to talk to your friends without leaving the house, and television is likely soon to present grand opera on a white wall space near the living-room fireplace, with the sound surging from a small box in the ingle-nook.

Several years ago a sociological agency made a survey of American farm home life, and discovered that the principal force that was propelling boys and girls from the farm to the city was the lack of running water and good artificial lighting. Here came a simple, understandable, concrete fact. It meant that the city had raced ahead of the country in the matter of comfortable and alluring living conditions.

THE parallel, in fact, extends to the urban situation. If the street and roadhouse and downtown amusement place or institutional recreation center compete too successfully with the home, the home is likely to suffer. But don't think the home is standing still. It has learned the lessons of progress and invention, and in this respect is now running neck and neck with the outside elements that have threatened to tear it asunder and scatter its members.

Soon, one may be confident, the home will win the race, for it has a number of added attractions which the outside elements cannot possibly duplicate, such as the private garden, the joy of the family circle, the pride of possession, the gratification of the creative urge, the enjoyment of home cookery, the companionship of pet animals and birds—and the countless things that make the home the happiest place on earth. For thousands of years the home was unaccustomed to such rivalry. It was not to be wondered at that the past twenty-five years of suddenly accelerated competition should at first find it unprepared. Now the home has caught its breath and is



Photo: Publishers' Photo Service

"The Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls are fine . . . but their benefits do not take the place of blood ties . . . they only supplement them with a new and valuable social cement."

responding most vigorously to the new challenge. In speaking of the home, I do not accept the extremes of poverty or riches, but the great body between them. The abjectly poor family is necessarily deprived of modern conveniences and beautiful home environments. The very wealthy family may be tempted to drift from one home to another because of surfeit, and, to spur a jaded appetite, may seek new stimuli by constant travel or a restless search for sensation. The charm of the home, in either case, may be minimized, although it is very possible for either the very poor or the very rich to love home.

The family of moderate circumstances these days has the advantages of home comforts and conveniences that would have been envied by lords and princes a century ago. And President Hoover is eminently wise in saying that we should not let down our standards of living. Prosperity depends materially upon the manufacture of commodities once considered luxuries. There is almost certainly a telephone, a radio set, one or more musical instruments, a good supply of fresh, stimulating and well-prepared reading matter, easy access to libraries and

art museums, well-designed furniture, good objects of art, hangings, rugs, floor coverings, wall decoration, and other things that aid esthetic growth.

HOUSEHOLD drudgery is minimized by the use of electric and gas ranges, running hot and cold water, modern refrigeration, electric-washers, ironing-machines, toasters, waffle-irons, grills, coffee percolators, sweepers, floor-waxers, and other electric devices; automatic water-heaters, and in many cases thermostatically and time-controlled gas, oil, or coal furnaces. There are electric fans and ventilators, humidifiers, air-cooling, and filtering devices. There are water softeners and dishwashers, and a growing array of chemical compounds that enable the housewife to make short cuts in the labor of cleansing or cookery.

Science is constantly at work to eliminate home drudgery and discomfort. The psychologist has offered suggestions for the elimination of noise and annoyance of various kinds. The lighting expert forestalls eyestrain by skillful illumination. The chemist and physicist [Continued on page 56]

It's the mental mileage that counts! In this article a distinguished French author offers advice on how to see the *real* Europe—especially timely for those who plan to attend the Convention at Vienna next June.

On Tour!

By André Maurois

NOTHING is more agreeable than to travel; nothing more difficult than to travel *wisely*. There is a French proverb to the effect that travel shapes youth. Precisely. It ought to go further and say that all too often travel twists maturity out of shape.

The unwise traveler is a human being snatched from a house to which he has grown comfortably accustomed in all his little daily habits, torn away from friends he is beginning to appreciate, from horizons he is beginning to love, and thrust into the midst of an artificial world of railway terminals, porters, international hotels, theatres whose language he does not understand, and people whose natures he cannot grasp.

On the other hand, the wise traveler enjoys perhaps the most perfect, and surely one of the most intelligent of all the pleasures the world has to offer. Hence, at the outset of this article, it is worth our while to draw attention to the things that distinguish the wise tourist from the unwise.

The man who will get the most out of his travels is he who has the foresight to limit his program, who does not set his heart on seeing too many things in too few days, but knows how to choose. Yesterday, on my way from Paris to London, I was traveling in the same compartment with an American family. Visibly half-dead with fatigue, they spoke of having "done" all Europe—Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, France, and Spain—in two months! Think of it.



Illustrations by
Henry J. Soulen

There are two prime factors that must be taken into consideration in traveling: the physical stamina of the human body, and the capacity of the human brain for absorbing experience. Your body, naturally, must be given prudent care while you are on a trip. Remember that it has already been subjected to a rather severe test by the change of climate, strange beds, new dishes, etc. You must never push it to the point of exhaustion. With a worn-out body, you are no longer capable of enjoying even the most beautiful sights. Plan in advance for frequent days of rest. Don't think you have to see *everything* in a city. It is no disgrace to have missed two churches out of ninety-seven.

THE mind, in this matter, takes its cue from the body. Experiences that do no more than cross the mind briefly are bound to be forgotten with the same speed. Children stand bored and resigned while their father reads to them about the construction of a castle-fortress by Philippe-Auguste in the thirteenth century, and then promptly forget that page of the guide-book when the same well-meaning head of the family reads them a description of how the cathedral was built by Saint Somebody-or-other in the twelfth century.

The best way to gain a true impression of any country is to stay in it for a long enough time to have absorbed something of it; above all to have mused and dreamed in it for a little while, doing



nothing. A really cultured mind is formed, like a rich field under cultivation, by the deposits that the slowly succeeding years bring to it. So the traveler will have found more true culture by having seen a very few things well, than he could possibly have got by seeing a great many things hurriedly. No man can know the whole universe. The first motto of the tourist should be: *Choose*.

The wise tourist will prepare for his trip carefully beforehand. A country is not a spontaneous creation. It did not sprout up all of a sudden on the face of the earth, with its houses, its monuments, its citizens, and its language, complete. Just like a living being, a country is something that has grown, been transformed, been affected by other countries, and to understand it as it is, you must be familiar with its past. There are countless books at your disposal about any country in the world, where you can find out about its history, the development of its architecture, its painting, its literature.

The visitor who arrives in Europe already equipped with some idea of the inner framework of the country he is going to see will find that his trip will become a hundred times more vividly interesting. Where the visitor who comes unprepared will see nothing more than an ordinary house, he will discern points worth noticing. The carvings of a church portal which, to the traveler who has not read about them, will be barren of any significance, will become for him like a book which he can decipher with ease. Or perhaps from the window of his speeding railway carriage, he sees an open plain: to another it is just a field, flat—and boring; but to the man who knows enough to look there for the battle-

field of one of the greatest wars in history, it is alive with interest.

If he has prepared for his journey by reading the great works of literature which have their scenes laid in the country he is going to visit, his pleasure will be all the keener. Take some little town in France, such as Saumur, for example. How it leaps into life for the intelligent traveler who knows Balzac's *Eugénie Grandet*! How some small village of Normandy will suddenly thrill with a deep vitality for the cultured American who has read *Madame Bovary*!

OR Notre-Dame de Paris, already so beautiful. Can it fail to become even more so for the one who can stand before its towers and conjure up Victor Hugo's unforgettable Quasimodo? And how much richer a visit to Florence can be made by the reading of Dante, of Ruskin, of Taine, of Stendhal, or of Anatole France's *The Red Lily*. I am astonished that American publishers, with all their fertility of ideas, have not yet thought of issuing a *Guide for the Literary Pilgrim, in Europe and in the United States*. Some of the most agreeable weeks of my life have been spent in making literary pilgrimages. It is almost as though you are accompanied on your journey by several of the greatest minds of all time; and it is not even necessary to know the language of the country you are going to visit, to prepare for such a pilgrimage, since almost all of the masterpieces have been translated.

Then we should learn at least the rudiments of the language of the country in which we are going to stop. The traveler who cannot speak a word of



the native language, who does not even know how to ask his way about and understand the answer, to order a meal or exchange a few friendly remarks with a peasant, is destined to become the slave of the guides, travel bureaus, and organized tour concerns. These are admirable institutions, and useful, but the traveler should supplement their work by independent effort of his own.

To commence the exploration of a country or a city it is not necessary to have a perfect knowledge of its language. It is enough to have had the foresight to learn a few phrases before starting out. In the case of French, this is easy. Isn't there an *Alliance Française* in almost every British and American city? Then if one boldly makes use of these few phrases to enter into a conversation, to try to understand a sermon at church, a speech in the Parliament, a dialogue in the theatre, it is surprising how quickly the vocabulary is enriched.

I can think of few pleasures keener than that of discovering the mastery of a new language. In conversations that hitherto conveyed to you only a mysterious noise, you soon begin to recognize friendly sounds, and after a few weeks you are already feeling as though you were on familiar ground.

Many American tourists start out very wisely in this respect. I heartily approve of the policy of certain colleges for young women, like Smith College, in sending students to stay six months in Paris with a French family. They go away with an excellent command of French, and they are fitted thenceforward to appreciate the charm and soul of the country in all its depths.

I do not like to see a traveler allow himself to be satisfied with sights too well-known and sometimes even especially prepared for him.

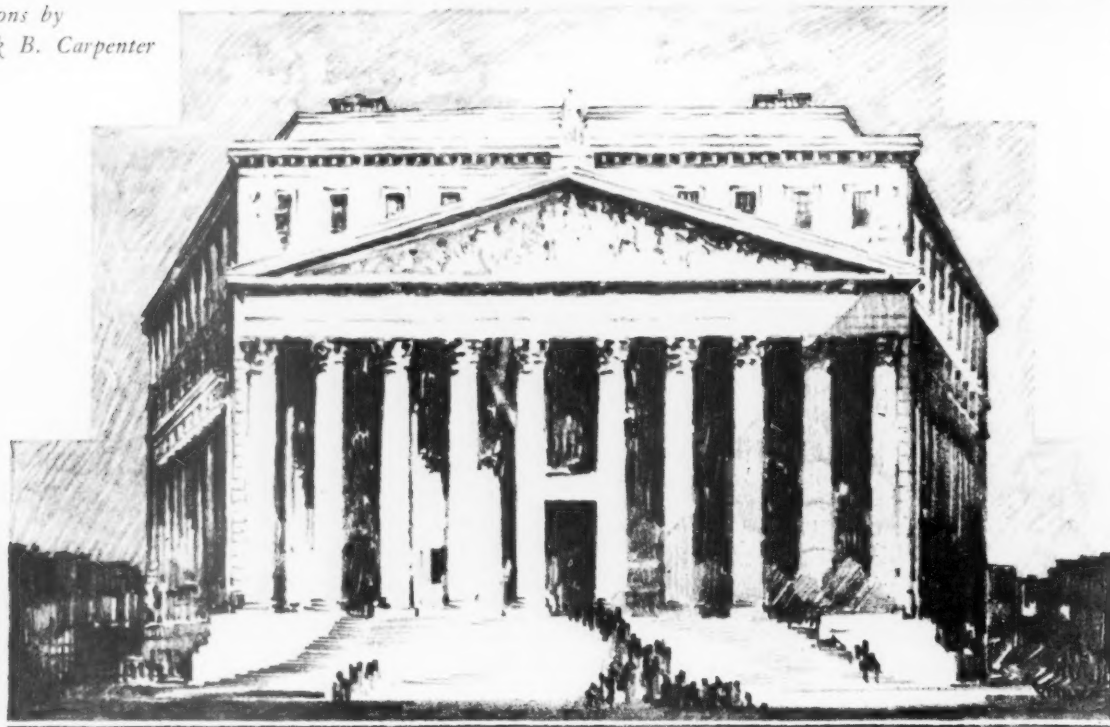
Americans consider that the Frenchman who passes judgment on America after having viewed the slaughter-houses in Chicago and a motion-picture in New York is ridiculous. They are quite right, too. But the French are no less shocked by the American who would form an estimate of France after having seen a Paris musical revue. The point is, try to see exactly what the French themselves are seeing. Try (and it is a very easy matter) to explore the districts that have not yet been spoiled by commercial exploiters.

FRANCE is an extremely varied country, and you cannot know it well until you have been all over it from North to South. Some provinces have retained their old quaintness, their local cooking, their simple, inexpensive hotels. Look, for example, at Périgord, and certain parts of Normandy, Brittany, Touraine, all of central France, a large part of Provence, Landes, Burgundy, Alsace, and many others.

In very little towns, such as Chablais, Vézelay, Brantôme, the traveler will find corners which are first of all enchanting to look upon, but which are no less delightful as places to pause and live. The visitor who yields to their inviting charm will be initiated into that secret something, that lovely and peaceful thing which is the provincial life of France.

By this I don't mean at all that you should eschew entirely the famous [Continued on page 52]

Illustrations by
Frederick B. Carpenter



"... legal machinery in the United States is no longer adapted, if it ever was, to settling commercial disputes."

"Let's Quit Lawin'"

By Harry Hibschman

HE WAS a small man, under five feet, and as he was born to the name of Long, usually he was called Shorty Long. He was seventy years old, weather-beaten and tough, but to me he was positively good-looking. For, when I hung out my shingle as a lawyer in the Big Bend country of Washington, twenty-five years ago, he was one of the very first human beings to make use of my talent and risk my inexperience.

Shorty had, of recent years, turned from cattle to horses and wheat. The case I so proudly undertook to prosecute for him was an action to recover a two-year-old gelding which had disappeared from his corral and two weeks later was found in the possession of another old-timer living about thirty miles east. His name was Bill Warehime, and he claimed to have bought the horse from a cowpuncher.

Now in an earlier day, Shorty would have asserted his claim with a six-gun. But even he was not impervious to the mellowing influence of civilization, and, though it took rare self-control, this time sought

Commercial arbitration short-circuits judicial red-tape and saves time, money and good-will, says this open-minded attorney-at-law.

redress via the law and courts. Hence, my retainer. I toiled over the papers of my first replevin suit. And, in due course, the sheriff took possession of the horse. Well, Shorty evidently expected immediate results. When I told him several weeks would elapse before the case came to trial, he employed several words not in my vocabulary at the time, though I did not fail to get their import. He made it very clear that when he lawed he lawed, and did not brook delay.

I soothed him. I told him the sheriff would keep the horse safe until the case was tried. Shorty left in fairly good humor. But two weeks later I was a disconsolate counselor-at-law. I had lost my client.

It happened in this wise. While Shorty loafed about town, one Saturday afternoon, another idler, not inclined to overlook a chance for a joke, told him the gelding was being cared for in the livery stable.

To Shorty this news had about the same effect as pouring turpentine on a cat's back. Between Shorty and Walt Bisson, who kept the livery stable, there was one of those bitter, never-ending feuds so often found in pioneer communities.

IT HAD arisen thirty years before with a rumor that Shorty had turned squaw man. Bisson had started it. And in the subsequent shooting, Shorty took a fancy button off Bisson's leather cuff—but then stepped on a very slick spot, and landed on his back. Spectators coming from hiding were moved to uncontrolled laughter, for the seat of Shorty's breeches partook of the slick spot. Naturally, Shorty saw no humor in the situation neither at the time nor since.

So when Shorty heard Bisson was getting a dollar and a half a day for feeding his horse, he was wroth. He started out for Warehime's ranch, but Bill, his enemy-at-law, was in a nearby town. Shorty followed him—straight to Tom's saloon. Without preliminaries, Shorty spoke his mind.

"Say Bill, I've hunted you to say let's quit lawin'. You're a no-good cuss, but I jest learned about one so much worse I'd a——ruther let you have the gelding than have him where he is while you and me law over him. That man ain't goin' to get money for keepin' any hoss of mine. So Bill, the geldin's yourn. I'll go to my lawyer and fix it up."

"Not by a——you ain't," said Bill who knew a few words himself. What I gets I wins or pays for. We'll gamble for the hoss. That's what we'll do."

And they did. Bill won. And

after the celebration's aftermath calmed, Shorty spoiled a perfectly good day for me by telling me they had decided to "quit lawin'." It's a sad experience to lose one of three clients that way.

But with the years I have come to see that Shorty and Bill were not far wrong. Many more experienced and in their own opinion wiser men whom I have known might well have followed their example. And most of them paid heavily to learn that it is a good plan to "quit lawin'," or better still, never to begin.

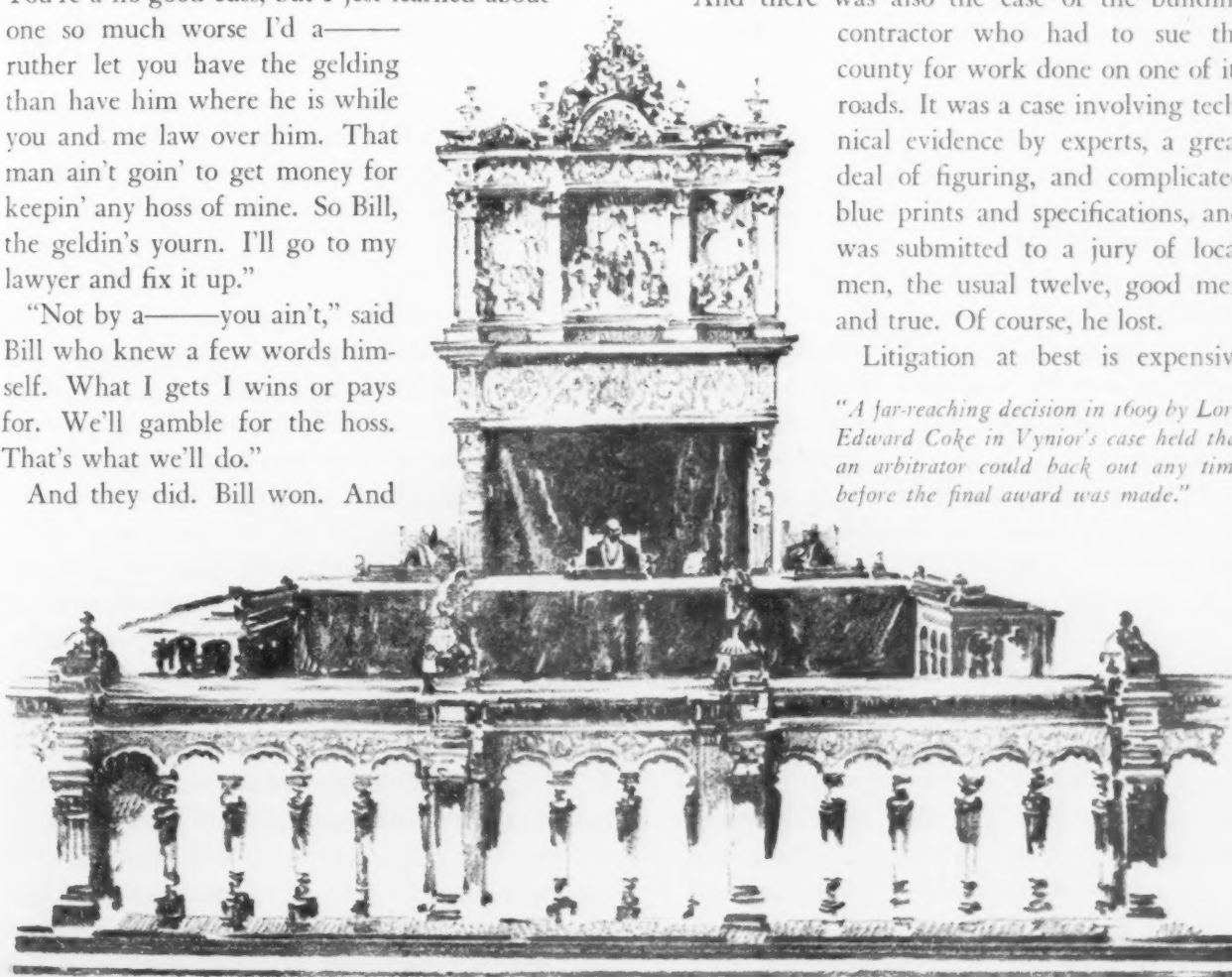
There was, for instance, the banker who had a case that remained in the courts for over six years. It went to the United States Supreme Court eight times, and cost the banker more time, worry, and damage to his reputation by far than the amount he recovered.

There was the manufacturer of combine harvesters who sued a rancher who made the defense that the machine would not do the work for which it was sold. The company, of course, lost the case before a jury composed mostly of ranchers, and thereafter had practically no market in that county.

And there was also the case of the building contractor who had to sue the county for work done on one of its roads. It was a case involving technical evidence by experts, a great deal of figuring, and complicated blue prints and specifications, and was submitted to a jury of local men, the usual twelve, good men and true. Of course, he lost.

Litigation at best is expensive

"A far-reaching decision in 1609 by Lord Edward Coke in Vynior's case held that an arbitrator could back out any time before the final award was made."



business. The cost is not measured in money only. There is the cost in time, in worry, in reputation, and in goodwill. And then after settlement, he who wins is apt to lose.

The fact is that legal machinery in the United States is no longer adapted, if it ever was, to the settling of commercial and industrial disputes. Jurors are not equipped by knowledge or experience to pass on the intricate questions that arise in modern business transactions. Nor are the methods and rules of courts adequate to enable litigants to come to a speedy and just settlement of their disputes. The rules governing the pleadings and admission of evidence all make for delay and transform a trial into a battle between opposing lawyers. And in the end juries have before them only expurgated editions of the real facts.

Realizing that the American system of jurisprudence is antiquated and not adapted to modern conditions in the business and commercial world, thoughtful men are saying not merely, "Let's quit lawin'," but they are trying to find other ways to reform and modernize the law and the courts or else to find a substitute for litigation.

Reform in this field, however, is a well-nigh hopeless process—certainly too slow and unpromising to satisfy the present day man of affairs. He has no faith that the dead hands of the revered jurists of another day will be cast off in time to give his generation relief. He moves, therefore, to work out his own salvation. And he is finding a way to avoid using the courts.

He is turning from litigation to arbitration.

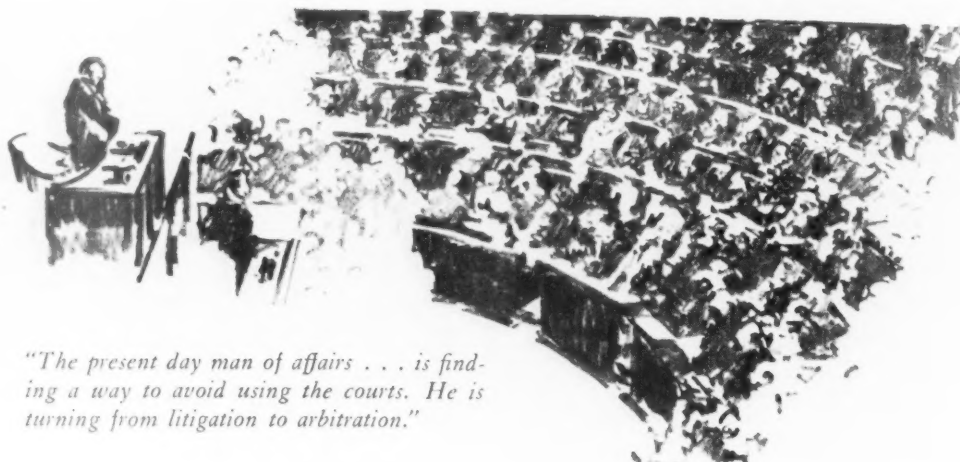
Arbitration is a proceeding by which parties to a dispute submit it to a disinterested party or parties for decision. The parties set up their own tribunal instead of resorting to the courts.

No one contends, of course, that commercial arbitration is a cure-all or that it is faultless. But it is a vast improvement over the facilities afforded by the regular courts of law.

I had a client some years ago whom actual expe-

rience convinced of that fact. He was a commission merchant who had two very similar cases, each involving many complicated transactions between him and two associations of fruit growers, respectively.

One of the cases was tried before a jury. It was in court two years and resulted most disastrously for my client. The other case was submitted to three arbitrators familiar with the customs and practices



"The present day man of affairs . . . is finding a way to avoid using the courts. He is turning from litigation to arbitration."

of the commission business and ended in an award wholly favorable to the party I represented.

The second case was disposed of in less than three months from the time the arbitrators were chosen; and the expense was less than the court reporter's fees alone in the other case. The court trial required eight days. The arbitration hearing took two.

THE parties to the proceedings in court developed a bitter animosity toward each other and were at swords' points for a long time thereafter. The parties to the arbitration proceedings respected each other when it was all over and continued to do business with each other until the commission merchant retired, soon after the United States entered the war in 1917.

Commercial arbitration is no new thing in the world. Rome used it, and in medieval times it came into existence in English market towns. A far reaching decision in 1609 by Lord Edward Coke in Vynior's case, however, held that an arbitrator could back out any time before the final award was made. In 1746, arbitration agreements were held to be against public policy because their effect was to "oust the courts of jurisdiction," which in those days was adjudged a serious offense. Of course it would be presumptuous, at this late day, to suggest that fees paid judges by litigants [Continued on page 63]

Is College Really So Bad?

By **Max McComm**

Dean of Lehigh University

DR. HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, in the October *ROTARIAN*, asked the question, "College for two?"—meaning his own two sons,—and answered that question with a flat "NO." He will not send his two sons to college because college in these days "is everything it should not be." Which sounds pretty bad.

The most definite accusation in the indictment leading to this devastating conclusion is that "there are not more than half a dozen men in half a dozen universities who could really inspire them [Dr. Van Loon's sons] to do something good and great and noble and foolish and unselfish." In other words, that only a few college professors have in large measure the qualities of Socrates or Christ or Abelard. Alas, it is true! But it is true also that there are only a handful of such men in the whole world in any one generation. It should be no news to any one that college faculties never have been, nor can be, composed exclusively or chiefly of inspired geniuses. And it may be added parenthetically that if any college faculty were so composed the institution would shortly be put out of business by an enraged populace.

But Dr. Van Loon puts the same accusation in another way, which may bring us closer to something reasonable and feasible. He calls on all those who have been to college for the last twenty years to ask themselves the question, "How many of my professors really gave me something that stuck?" "The answer," he says, "will be rather surprising and somewhat humiliating."

Yes, but just what will that answer be? Dr. Van Loon does not say, so I am going to do so. Because some hundreds of college alumni have answered that question to me at various times, or the slightly broader question what they "got out of college." Sometimes they were replying to an actual query; more often they spoke without solicitation in the course of reminiscent conversation. I am going to give a composite of their answers, and let the reader judge for himself whether these are either "surprising" or "humiliating"—whether they are not just about

what one would expect and on the whole reasonably satisfactory.

Van Loon was only partly right, says this educator: With all his faults, the harried and worried professor is doing a pretty good job of it.

First, they will tell you, they learned a lot of stuff, most of which they have forgotten. Secondly, they will generally say they "got a lot" out of the social life of the college including the various student activities. And finally they nearly always begin to talk about "old Professor So-and-So"—referring to different teachers in different cases.

THIS is so much the regular thing that anyone who is in the business of talking to college alumni, as I am, comes to expect it and wait for it. "He was a great old boy. He opened my eyes to a lot of things." Or, "You didn't learn so much in his class, but he certainly made you think." Or—this is an exact quotation, from about a month ago,—"I was never the same fellow again after that course."

In short, nearly every man who goes through college does encounter one or two or three teachers, who are not Socrates or Abelard, but who do give him in some degree that stirring up and awakening and inspiration to real thinking which Dr. Van Loon rightly prizes above everything else. This is the actual fact, derived from scores of testimonies.

That college students ought to get more of this from more teachers I grant; but practically every student does get some of it somewhere in his four years. And where outside of college is a young man very likely to get any of it?

But let us return to the other two points. "I learned a lot of stuff, most of which I've forgotten." Just so. He has forgotten most of the details—as he should. But if you begin to talk with him in almost any one of the general fields he has covered—literature or history or economics or political science or philosophy or anywhere from one to half a dozen sciences,—you find he knows his way around in it.

By which I mean that when he reads a newspaper

dispatch or a magazine article or listens to an address or engages in a conversation touching on one of those fields, he can understand something of what it is all about, can place, relate, interpret, evaluate, and respond. He has been introduced and oriented in some considerable part of the great world of human knowledge and human interests and affairs. Is that not worth something?

DR. VAN LOON intimates that the students could get all this, without going to college, out of "encyclopedias and handy reference books." Perhaps they could, but the vast majority don't and won't. By going to college a boy (or girl) gets the time and the occasion for acquiring knowledge, and the teachers—even the very dull ones—help him considerably in the process. How? By ordering text-books, furnishing bibliographies, supplying explanations and comments, and especially by assigning lessons, requiring him to recite and listening to him, requiring him to write papers and reading the papers he writes.

All of which procedure, routine and (if you like) dry-as-dust, nevertheless provides the student with definite times and occasion for making the acquaintance of many facts and ideas and conceptions and attitudes and appreciations which have been attained by learned and wise and great men throughout the

ages. Through having such definite times and occasions provided, the student does make such acquaintance of many facts and ideas and conceptions and in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, in spite of all the "handy reference books" in all the libraries of the world.

And then: "I got a lot out of activities." Just what did he get? Why, a bit of self-confidence and *savoir faire*, a rubbing off of both youthful shyness and youthful bumptiousness, some ability to handle himself, to coöperate, to lead and to follow, among his own peers. In these days when such social qualities of coöperation and leadership are of ever increasing importance in an ever more socialized world, I sometimes think this result alone is worth the cost of a college course.

I am far from maintaining that our colleges today are ideal or as good as they should be. They could be greatly improved, and they will be, because many men are working at the job through criticism less sweeping than Dr. Van Loon's but more definite and through constructive study and experiment.

But even as the colleges are now I would ask, Are they really so bad? And how else can a boy or girl who has the requisite intelligence and some gleams of intellectual interest spend the years from eighteen to twenty-two so profitably?

The beautiful mosaic chapel of Leland Stanford University at Palo Alto, California.



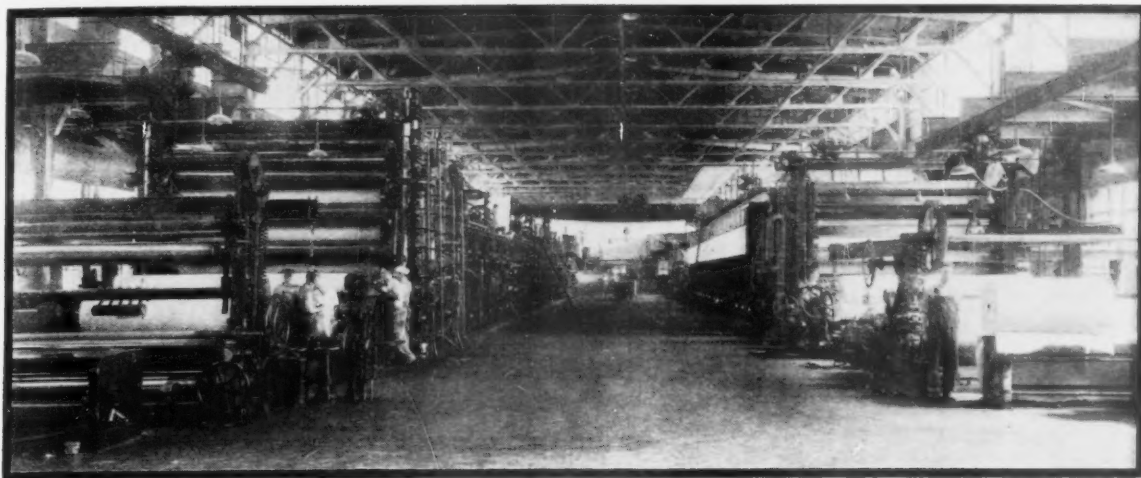


Photo: Slocum Brothers

"... to the outsider, KVP is not unlike any other American paper mill."

Where Ideas Turn Wheels

By Leland D. Case

IN THE Kalamazoo River valley, that dawdles through southern Michigan, are seventeen important paper mills. It is a matter of record that in the past twelve months, sixteen of these have reduced the working-week, or have discharged employees.

But, one of these seventeen has not. It operates on a six-day week as it always has. Its wage scale hasn't wavered. It now has approximately 1,100 men and women on its payroll, an actual increase over last year. And while business for the year 1929 reached a record total of sixty-seven and a half million dollars, that for 1930 promises to exceed it.

This is the story of that company.

The Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Paper Company is, to the outsider, not unlike any other American paper mill. It buys pulp in Norway, Canada and Wisconsin and manufactures it into countless ribbons of paper that are wound up into great rolls. This paper is sold in forms that salesmen have found please customers.

Yet, billows of smoke *do* continue to puff from "KVP" smokestacks while neighboring factories have retrenched.

Why? The simple answer is that this company has learned to tap more effectively than most employers a resource all possess: *Manpower*. And, the vital difference between this and other mills is less a matter of pulp and vats than of *ideas*. Not a fren-

This Michigan paper mill outrides depression by tapping a resource that all factories possess but few use to full advantage — *Manpower*.

zied sales effort to thwart a crisis, but a natural fruitage of a long-fostered policy of encouraging men to think. Specifically, the open secret of KVP success is—

"Well," an overall-clad foreman told me as he eyed a cascade of melted wax tumbling over bread wrapping-paper, "I guess it's just our Concentrating Club. You see each of us..."

Whereupon this interviewer listened to a strange tale of employees so interested in their factory that many devote one hour each week to "concentrate" on discovering economies of operation and new uses for products. The hour chosen is left to the individual, but usually it comes after supper when with the aid of a pipe and a comfortable chair, the employee finds it easy to reflect and to give leash to a roving imagination.

"So when we get an idea," my informant concluded, "we just scribble it down and pass it along."

It all sounded too simple, this management technique of getting workmen to use their heads as well as their hands. And, apparently, liking it. I wanted to talk to officers of this unique club. But there were



Photos: Slocum Brothers

"This astute marrying of science and economic opportunity . . . flowers in the Concentrating Club."

none. Nor meetings. Nor dues. Anyone who wishes to can be a member—and a third of the KVP employees are, from janitors to President Jacob Kindelberger himself.

"Does it really work out?" I asked Mr. Kindelberger.

"It's the reason we're running six days a week instead of five," was his prompt response. "Ideas from the organization saved us \$250,000 in operating costs last year. Probably sixty per cent of our business today is due to ideas submitted by employees—and the best ones come from those who wear overalls."

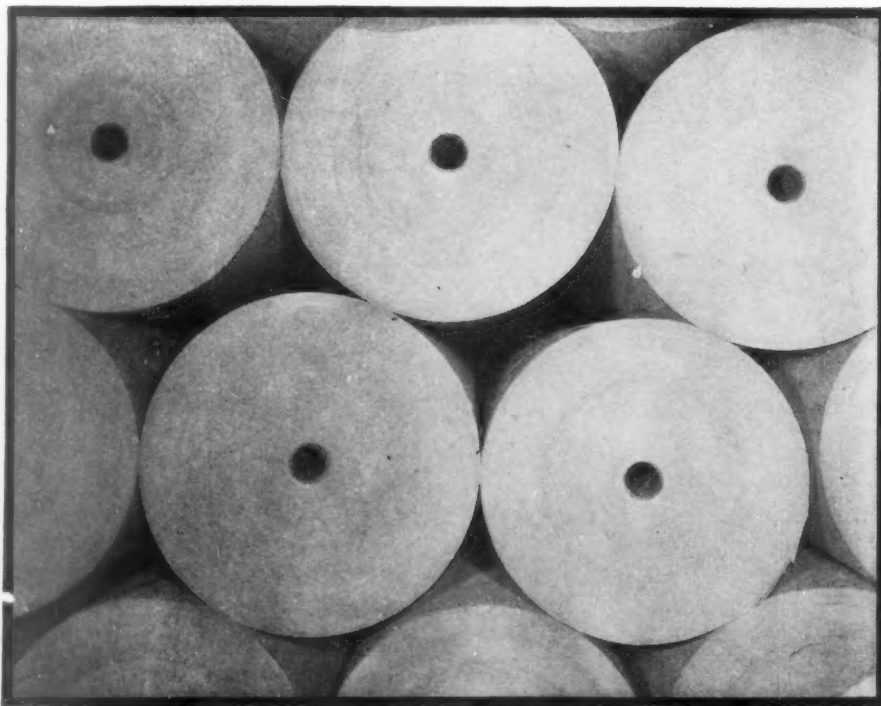
It seems to be accepted in the KVP organization that nothing has been invented nor will be, that cannot be improved upon by men who think new ideas. Every shift in economic demand means a readjustment for production—and dollars for the alert. Automobiles, for example, created a new market for unnumbered commodi-

ties, and miniature golf has found a profitable use for thousands of idle corner lots and vacant buildings. Indeed, the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Paper Company, with its plant a mile and a tenth long and a capital investment of nine and a half million dollars, is itself the direct result of such an interplay of brains, desire and supply. It was established only twenty years ago, but its history properly runs back almost a century and is webbed about three French chemists who probably never heard of this Michigan city with its circus-esque name.

In 1857, Poumaredé and Figure, dabbling about in

their laboratory, one day dipped some ordinary wood pulp into sulphuric acid. The result was hydro-cellulose, and a paper that is stronger when wet than dry. Because of that quality it came to be called vegetable parchment to distinguish it from true parchment made from goat or lamb skins.

For decades this discovery lay unnoticed in dusty
"... buys pulp in Norway, Canada, and Wisconsin and manufactures it into countless ribbons of paper that are wound up in great rolls."



THE ROTARIAN

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Bob Smith, veteran employee, made a quarter million cardboard cores for paper rolls last year on this machine.

Photo: L. C. Robinson



Jacob Kindleberger, president of "KVP."



Photo: Stocum Brothers

records. Meanwhile, along came Pasteur to make the world microbe-minded, with the practical result that people everywhere began to demand sanitary food. And the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Paper Company was started to produce paper and containers that would keep food clean and wholesome.

This astute marrying of science and economic opportunity continues to be characteristic of the KVP company, and flowers in the Concentrating Club. The spirit of finding out, an insatiable inquisitiveness saturates the personnel from the overall to the white-collar zone.

A sales-manager recently attended a football game. The day was raw and despite an army blanket, the cement seats were cold and hard. He shivered and shifted his position—then, an idea! Why not a parchment paper cushion stuffed with excelsior! Soon a sample, made of brown crêpe paper, was placed before President Kindleberger and declared practical. Such cushions can be printed in bright college colors and retailed profitably for a dime. The waterproof feature makes them equally useful in either bad or good weather.

Several years ago, before the Concentrating Club had evolved even into its present indefinite form, an *idea* tided the company over a financial crisis. A

worried official had boarded a street-car and, occupying a seat behind two Kalamazoo women, overheard their conversation. They were chatting about the difficulty of getting satisfactory paper to cover shelves.

"What I don't like about those sheets you buy," one was saying, "is they come in every size but the one I want. I have to cut them. . . ."

The KVP man didn't wait to hear more. He got off that street-car, and boarded another one in the direction of the company. He had an idea . . . to produce attractively tinted paper in *rolls*. Then the housewife could cut it off in lengths to suit her fancy and shelves.

SIMPLE, you say? Yet two days after the street-car episode fifteen cases of roll shelf-paper were sold to the Marshall Field department store in Chicago, and men who would have been discharged were kept on the payroll. Roll shelf-paper is still a big seller, carloads of it being distributed every year, even to far-off corners of the globe.

Realizing that *ideas* were its greatest asset, this company has long maintained a research department, but recently added to its staff a new member, E. E. Strawn. He has no job—except to keep his eyes open, as he strolls around, for new economies and uses for paper and paper by-products.

Late one evening, as he was puttering in the basement room he calls his laboratory, he accidentally spilled a sample bottle of liquid wax, a refinery by-product. To clean up the [Continued on page 54]

Rotary's Hour-Glass

Every movement pivots on men and ideas. These chatty notes reveal what the personalities who help to shape Rotary think and do.



AMERICANS are music-thirsty—at least that's the advance word received by those in charge of arrangements for the Vienna Convention.

"We have been requested," writes Ing. Moritz B. Gerbel, chairman of the entertainment committee, "by dozens of Americans, including President Roth, to supply a ravenous musical appetite for Beethoven, Schubert, Strauss, Mozart, and many others.

"The Blue Danube Waltz will be presented with that charm that only Vienna could bring. Two large symphonic concerts will be included. Musical preferences of the visitors will have a large part on the program."

* * *

Not only will the Convention do missionary work in friendlier relations between Europe and the rest of the world, but among Europeans themselves as well. It is as Otto Böhler pointed out at the Dallas Convention. Central European nations are confined within "prison walls" of national boundaries . . . Rotary, by bringing individuals from these countries into intimate contact for the first time, will help to level those walls.

History will repeat itself. Just as Rotary spread rapidly throughout the British Isles after a well-attended convention in Edinburgh, so it should grow in Central and Southern Europe in the months following the convention at Vienna.

* * *

Rotary International headquarters, in Chicago, has had a busy month. The Board of Directors, Aims and Objects, Convention Transportation, and Magazine Committees held important sessions, taxing office-room capacity.

* * *

President Almon Roth says:

"It is astonishing how many leading newspapers and magazines are quoting articles in whole or in part from our magazine, THE ROTARIAN, or writing

editorials based upon articles that have appeared in our magazine. If we have a publication good enough to receive such recognition, it is certainly good enough to warrant the interest of every Rotarian who receives it."

* * *

Which leads to the comment that an exhibit of newspapers and magazines which have reprinted articles, etc., from THE ROTARIAN, was on display during November in THE ROTARIAN offices.

* * *

Jim Davidson, who as everybody knows, is the honorary general commissioner of Rotary International now organizing Rotary clubs in the Orient, seems to be having his share of tribulation. First it was an auto accident that painfully detached some muscles in his chest. Now it is "the fevers."

Of the latter, Jim characteristically writes, "These . . . if cared for are not dangerous, but they certainly are a darn nuisance, and interfere seriously with one's plans."

Incidentally, Jim has ridden over a whole brood of obstacles, and has organized a club at Bangkok of the leading men of the city—with several nationalities represented. Also at Penang.

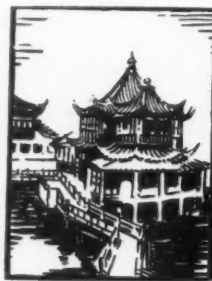
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English districts have been holding their meetings—and with the suave sociability that always marks gatherings of Englishmen. Districts One and Two, which

include Scotland, enjoyed a flash of sound and color out of place elsewhere in the world—bagpipes and kilts.

In Italy, Rotarians have evinced a striking interest in the advancement of art. Romano Romanelli, creator of a fine bust of Domenico Giulotti, was recently awarded a ten thousand lira prize, donated by Italian Rotary clubs. The presentation took place at the XVII biennial exhibition of art at Venice.



Repercussions continued to emanate from the Orient of the good work wrought by the Pacific Area Conference at Sydney.

Writes Ume-kichi Yonegama,

governor of District Seventy, "It made for genuine friendships of international flavor which not only enrich the lives of those immediately concerned but make their influence felt in social and commercial relations. . . . The contribution made by the last two Pacific Rotary Conferences towards improving the relations between Australia and Japan has already become so markedly noticeable that it is a matter of comment even in our government circles."

* * *

And the more recent Europe-North Africa Conference at The Hague has done much to bring about friendships among individuals of nations that twelve years ago were at war. Further evidence of the leavening influence of Rotary will be felt at the Vienna convention next June.

* * *

In little-known Batavia, Rotarians have started publication of "Rotary Indie," a monthly, to serve as spokesman for the work in the Netherland East Indies. C. P. Voûte is the editor.

* * *

A spontaneous editorial appreciation of Rotary was voiced by the London Daily Express when six hundred Rotarians gathered for the joint conference of Districts Twelve and Fourteen at Folkestone. It remarked especially upon the fact that many Rotarian visitors came from France, Belgium, Germany, Holland, Italy, and Switzerland.

"Rotary," said the editorial, "is not a British institution, but it is an excellent one. It combines good fellowship and good business. . . . We would like to see that Rotary feeling grow stronger and stronger in Great Britain. It is a potent agency for international goodwill. . . ."

Detroit in 1798 was in the backwash of civilization, but this energetic priest opened up schools, printed books, started a newspaper—and shepherded his spiritual flock.



*Gabriel Richard,
priest and civilizer.*

Michigan's First Schoolmaster

By Douglas C. McMurtrie

IN THE year 1798 the present area of the State of Michigan was represented, so far as any appreciable degree of civilization was concerned, by a small colony at Detroit. This settlement comprised a few score of houses all scattered along the steep bank of the river, within a stockade which had been erected as a needed protection against the depredations by the Indians of the neighborhood. Outside of this settlement there were but a few scattered trading-posts throughout the expanse of territory making up the now populous and prosperous State of Michigan.

In 1796 the British had evacuated Detroit and the town passed to United States sovereignty. The colony had, of course, been originally French, but

under the influence of the British occupation the English-speaking element had been steadily gaining numerically.

In one corner of the stockade stood St. Anne's Church, the only church in the community. Its parishioners were not the residents of the town, but were drawn from a few hundred French-Canadians who cultivated small farms either up or down the river. This church within the poverty-stricken parish was ministered unto by an old priest, whose precarious health precluded him from any aggressive activities.

To this field there came, during the year 1798, a man who was destined to play an important rôle in the development of Detroit and the surrounding territory. Father Gabriel Richard, a Catholic priest of great learning and ability, sacrificed many interests



The first book, excepting a pamphlet of laws, printed in Michigan. Father Richard is undoubtedly the author.

dear to his heart to take charge of St. Anne's parish. He did this not because the opportunity offered him was attractive, but because the need was great, and he felt it his duty to attempt, at least, to meet that need.

Born in 1767, Richard was a member of the Society of Saint-Sulpice, an order devoted to teaching. He fled from France at the time of the French Revolution and settled in Baltimore in 1792 at the newly founded Sulpician Seminary. Being a scholar by inclination, the life at the Seminary offered every attraction; yet when the call came he turned his back on the pursuit of learning and turned his face toward the wilderness.

For six years he labored at a mission at the French settlements near St. Louis. He was transferred to Detroit in 1798, and there he worked until his death.

It is only natural that when he began his work at Detroit he became dissatisfied with the conditions he there encountered. There were no educational activities of a community character. There were no books available, either of instruction or devotion. Undaunted by difficulties which seemed unsurmountable, he determined to provide educational advantages for all the children of Detroit, and books and reading for their elders.

His first school was opened in 1804, and at the same time he began training young women to teach

in the popular schools which he had projected. By 1808 there were six schools for the boys, operating under the direction of Father Richard, either in Detroit or in outlying communities, and two for the girls. In addition to these he had started an academy for young ladies, where thirty young girls were under instruction in "reading, writing, arithmetic, knitting, sewing, spinning, &c." In this year the energetic priest traveled to Washington, seeking governmental aid for his educational activities, but though promises were made, material assistance was not forthcoming.

MEANWHILE he pursued a project that was very close to his heart: the establishment of an institution of higher learning in Michigan. He kept talking of this plan in season and out of season. This ambition was realized when in 1817 he joined with three other distinguished citizens to found the University of Michigan. In 1825 we find the redoubtable Richard operating a school for deaf mutes, and at the time of his death in 1832 he was seeking financial assistance from overseas to make possible the establishment of a Catholic college.

On the basis of this record we must grant to Father Richard the honor of being the first educator in Michigan. The scope of his vision is attested by an outline for an educational system for the territory which has been preserved to us. His plans comprised not only primary and [Continued on page 45]

Title page of a book of French literature published for back-woodsmen.



We Honor These Men Because--

ROME C. STEPHENSON, president of the American Bankers' Association, is a charter member of the South Bend, Ind., Rotary Club and an active participant in state and national politics. His hobby, friends say, is remembering names and faces.



ROME STEPHENSON

ANTON DE ÉBER, Ph.D., prominent member of the Rotary Club of Budapest, is president of the Hungarian Economic Society and president-elect of the Chamber of Commerce and Industry in Budapest. He is also managing director of the Hungarian-Italian Bank, Ltd.



ANTON DE ÉBER

IGNACIO HELGUERA, Mexico City Rotarian, represents a large United States manufacturing concern, but finds time to write plays and short stories. He has a successful playlet on a Rotary theme, and his recent story "Adela Gets Married," told in *THE ROTARIAN*, was a splendid portrayal of Mexican family life.



IGNACIO HELGUERA

JAMES A. DUFF, M.D., of Martinsburg, W. Va., recently elected vice-commander of the American Legion, holds a colonelcy in the U. S. Reserve Corps. He saw active service in France during the World War. He takes an active part in Rotary work among crippled children, and is chief surgeon at a children's hospital maintained by West Virginia Elks.



JAMES A. DUFF

C. C. LUDWIG, city manager of Albert Lea, Minn., has made a reputation for modest efficiency and consistent achievement. At the recent San Francisco convention of the International Association of City Managers he was elected president. Mr. Ludwig is an active member of the Albert Lea Rotary Club.



C. C. LUDWIG

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Editorial Comment

A Tailor-Made Opportunity

"THE world," Augustine once counselled, "is a great book of which they who never stir from home read but a page."

Which leads to the observation that were Augustine living today and a Rotarian, he probably would have been among the first dozen to have signed up for the Rotary convention at Vienna, June 22 to 26. For, to Rotarians, this event offers a tailor-made opportunity for an experience that will ever remain green in the memory.

Most tourists in Europe are dependent upon chance contacts or the standardized ministrations of travel agencies in penetrating the shell of strangeness and reserve that hides the *real* Europe from the eyes of travelers. But not so for the Rotarian next summer. With clubs in most of the major cities and many of the smaller ones, Rotarians and their families will find interested friends in every land.

Realizing that this convention, the farthest ever held from Rotary's birthplace, will have a profound influence upon the future of Rotary in Europe, every club on the continent and in England will be alive to its opportunities of making those vitalized contacts with visitors from many lands that will certainly result in long-continuing friendships.

Vienna will lead in establishing channels of enlightened goodwill. The Viennese know how. Boat rides on the Danube, excursions to the nearby mountains, the alchemy of the waltz—certainly the Viennese as perhaps no people of the world appreciate the rôle of the welcoming host in opening the mind of the visiting friend to new impressions, new experiences.

Doctors, lawyers, merchants, bankers—here is indeed an opportunity! Not only will you have unrolled before you the Rotary door mat of welcome, but financial advantages will be yours if you visit Europe next June. Special privileges and rates on boats and trains will prevail, while carrying an offi-

cial Rotary convention card will ease many a customs encounter.

Why not, Rotarians of the world, do next summer what you always have wanted to do—see Europe!

The Reply to Virginia

A MODEST New York newspaper man, replying to a "vox populi" letter a generation ago, created a bit of writing which, it is no travesty to say, seems destined to become as timeless as Shakespeare's sonnets. And, why? Not because of any profundity, but because like crystal, deep-sourced water welling-up among white pebbles, there flows around and through his words a sentiment drawn from the heart of a common humanity.

A perturbed eight-year-old girl had written to *The Sun* this question: *Is there a Santa Claus?* Sensing the underlying eternal query of the spirit, the newspaper man gave rein to his fancy, and words appeared on his copy-paper that have brought warm solace to uncounted children, some tall, some tiny.

It is with an intuitive assurance of its propriety at this time that the editors reprint, on another page, Francis Pharcellus Church's reply to Virginia O'Hanlon's letter. Those who have read it before will thrill as at the touch of the hand of an old friend. Those who now see it for the first time will recognize it as a word-picture of a familiar image—one that has long groped in their minds for form.

Little Hands Across the Sea

AN OFF-SHOOT of the Red Cross which has not received the attention it merits is the Junior Red Cross. So unostentatiously has it come into being, relatively few grown-ups realize that school-children of forty-eight nations are now banded together to do self-sacrificing little tasks that commit their minds to habits of tolerant thinking and an appreciation of social responsibility.

Writing letters to children in foreign lands—with

the exhilaration of strange stamps and postmarks—and the exchange of inexpensive gifts are two of the major projects sponsored by the Junior Red Cross. Geography and history and civics thus become matters as real as hide-and-go-seek, bicycles, and paper dolls.

Rotarians, especially in the United States where seven million children are in the Junior Red Cross, should acquaint themselves with this organization that so effectively supplements the humanitarian and altruistic aspects of their own program.

The Red Cross, with its adult organizations in fifty-nine countries, has a deserved reputation for championing suffering humanity. Its work must not be neglected in these days of economic readjustment. But, gauged by the perspective of continuing benefits to the race, the importance of the Junior Red Cross is a force of equal if not surpassing significance.

A Health Parable

TWO Rotarians lived in the same town. Both were devout men. Each was anxious to render to the community the fullest measure of service. Since early manhood one of them had worked tirelessly at his profession and given every available hour of his time to enterprises for the common good. With a disregard for self he pushed tirelessly on. If he had any physical weakness, he never showed it. In his zeal for his work he never thought of his physical body. At the age of forty-five he began to slow down and for the ensuing five years he was compelled to spend much of his time in an effort to regain his health. Finally he died an early death, the victim of his zeal to serve.

The other Rotarian had also worked hard and served well since early manhood, but his work was not so spectacular as that of his brother. When the urge to duty seemed greatest there were times when he took a day for seemingly selfish pleasure. He even belonged to a golf club, and it was rumored that he liked to fish. There was a period each day when he could not be reached at all. Some said that he read fiction at that hour. Others had heard that he slept. In many ways he seemed to put his own pleasures first. Yet he accomplished much. At the age of seventy-five he was still going strong. Finally, at the age of eighty he fell and broke his hip, a mishap which brought to a finish a life of service.

When the books were balanced Rotarian A had served twelve hours a day for twenty-five years. Rotarian B had served eight hours a day for fifty-five years. Which one really served the best?

Our bodies are Nature's temples. Surely we are

expected to keep them fit. Even when one is born with a physical handicap, it is conceivable that he is expected to measure his strength, strive to conserve and even increase it, and thereby run a long course. "The Lights Are All Bright, Sir," avers Mr. Peterson in his article in this number. And it is undeniable that participation in the genial fellowship that should exist in the home is one of the best ways to parry the blows which make us prematurely old as the result of the many demands on strength and health which modern life has brought. Medical discoveries are also at our command. Means of temporary escape from modern life's high pressure have been thrown about us by the same hand that has guided our economic progress. Surely it is our duty to embrace them and give to those we serve the fullest measure of service.

Schools for Cripples

IT SOUNDS queer, but the happiest American school children are those crippled ones who are in special classes where they see others "worse off than I am" and have the direction of sympathetic, expert teachers.

This conclusion, based upon extensive research, leads Professor Charles W. Conrad to the belief that the problem of training the crippled child for a useful, self-respecting place in society is best solved by increasing such special classes or, better still, by establishing new schools equipped to meet physical as well as psychological needs of the handicapped child.

"All other things being equal," declares Professor Conrad, "the physically handicapped child is of the same mentality as the normal child. It is the aim of schools for the physically handicapped to keep pace with and to use the same course as do the other schools."

A "county-wide" school for the physically handicapped is recommended for counties with 75,000 population or less, if it is not possible to have one in each town or city. Short bus rides are usually enjoyed by the children, and the cost per student of "county-wide" schools is, of course, proportionately lessened as the enrollment is enlarged.

This movement to extend educational advantages of the normal child to those less fortunate will be of increasing interest to all organizations engaged in juvenile welfare work and especially to Rotary clubs. Many communities might well make a special study of local needs, and make use of the often surprisingly liberal government aid that is available. Some states, for example, permit a district to organize a special school if it has even one physically handicapped child.

These Are the Rewards

By Donald Mackay

I TRAVELLED to the Rotary Convention at Chicago with doubt in my mind. I came home enlightened, encouraged, and inspired for the work of Rotary.

There were three questions in my mind as I sped along the rails into Chicago.

The first, what is there in Rotary that appeals to 155,000 men in 60 or more countries—all representing different trades, crafts, professions, stations of life, and languages?

The second, what is there for one to get out of Rotary?

Third, what does Rotary do to justify its existence in any community?

I came away with those questions answered.

I came to the conclusion that there is a craving for fellowship among all the peoples of the earth; and that Rotary gives an opportunity for the satisfaction of this great urge. Man seeks companionship. Association with one's fellowmen is necessary to fill the gap of loneliness.

Rotary is making the world smaller. If I can know and understand the man who thinks and works differently than I; if I can understand the people in our neighboring countries; if I know that the Japanese and Italian and Malayan have ideals, ambitions, loves, hates, disappointments in common with their brothers in other lands, then my mind has completed a circumference and taken them all in.

There are just a few of the things which give Rotary an appeal to men of all creeds, ages, crafts, trades, professions, and nationalities.

The second question is easily answered. It isn't what we take out of Rotary that counts. *It's what we put into it.* If our contribution, great or small, is given in full measure, there is no need to bother ourselves over what we may get out of Rotary. Could anyone in that vast assemblage at Chicago fail to see

The prize-winning article on the Chicago Rotary Convention has a personal interest for those who will go to the Vienna Convention next June.

the joy that many feel because they are serving humanity?

Here is one who is giving every hour of his life to the service of the world through community service. There is one who shuns the public view, content in the knowledge that the best reward is the private satisfaction of a job well done. These were men who were reaping the rewards of Rotary—joy and happiness and satisfaction because of service well done. "Service above self" answers better than all other explanations, the question, What can I get out of Rotary?

The third question is more difficult to answer. The whole structure of Rotary is built to serve the community, thus justifying its existence. Each committee, analysis will show, has for its purpose and ideal *service to the community.*

IF A Rotary club supports and encourages those agencies which are created for the betterment of the community then service has been rendered. Boys and girls need the help of Rotary. Industries, the community chest and other social agencies, the schools, the government, all need the moral support of Rotary. The individual in helping humanity, through whatever agency, at the same time helps himself. If the further development of an individual results from service, the community in time is aided. Enlarged vision, greater happiness, and a life is better for having been lived. This, in the final analysis, is the service a Rotary club can render to its community.

Rotary is no longer a berth in which to travel. As a result of the convention my questions, I find, are answered. I realize that ahead of me is a man-sized job. I realize that I have a worthy ideal to attain through my individual, personal efforts. I am ready for the task ahead.

Vienna Awaits Rotarians

I HAVE learned with much pleasure that Rotarians of the world—you who cherish and promote the ideals of fellowship and international goodwill—will hold your 1931 convention next June in Vienna.

This historic city, which once was aptly named the "melting pot of nations" because of the great variety of races and cultures which it embraced, has since been fused into an essential unity. Here, I feel sure, you will feel at home.

You will find, set in a landscape of extraordinary charm, a wonderful city constantly aspiring to greater achievement, despite the problems and the hardships with which it has had to contend.

You will become acquainted with a people who, though hard workers, are carefree and gay in their leisure hours, and whose hospitality has become a byword with all visitors to our country.

Come and visit us and you will find in the capital of our country friends who, though long unaware of it, have been cherishing Rotary ideals.

A friendly smile will greet you—a smile displaying our affection for our fellowmen in company with whom we aspire to attain our ultimate goal.

—WILHELM MIKLAS,
President of the
Republic of Austria.

Left:

Dr. Otto Böhler,
Chairman of the
Vienna Host Club
Executive Committee.



Right:

Bernhard Moritz
Gerbél, Honorary
Rotary Commissioner for the
Continent of Europe,
and chairman of
the Vienna Entertainment
Committee.



Left:

Ernst Prinzhorn,
President of the
Rotary Club of
Vienna.



Right:

Moritz Rothberger,
Honorary Secretary
of the Rotary Club
of Vienna.



Photo: Franz Lowy,
Vienna

Photo: Fayer, Vienna

Versat



Rotary's 1931 Convention will be held June 22-26, in the beautiful Concert Hall.

Photo: Franz Mayer



The Viennese heart still thrills to the pomp and ceremony of old days. Here is a military review before the Court Castle.

Photo: Oesterreichische Lichtbildstelle

ersatile Vienna

Photo:
Lechner

Vienna is a city of many moods. A popular Viennese mountain resort is Zell am See (right). Below it is another view from the same locality.



The largest of the municipal public bathhouses.

Photo: Fritz Sauer



Photo: Hatzinger



Vienna couldn't go to the Danube, so they brought the Danube to Vienna. The Canal, with its many bridges and fine quays, adds much to the storied charm of the Austrian Capital.

Photo: Österreichische Lichtbildstelle

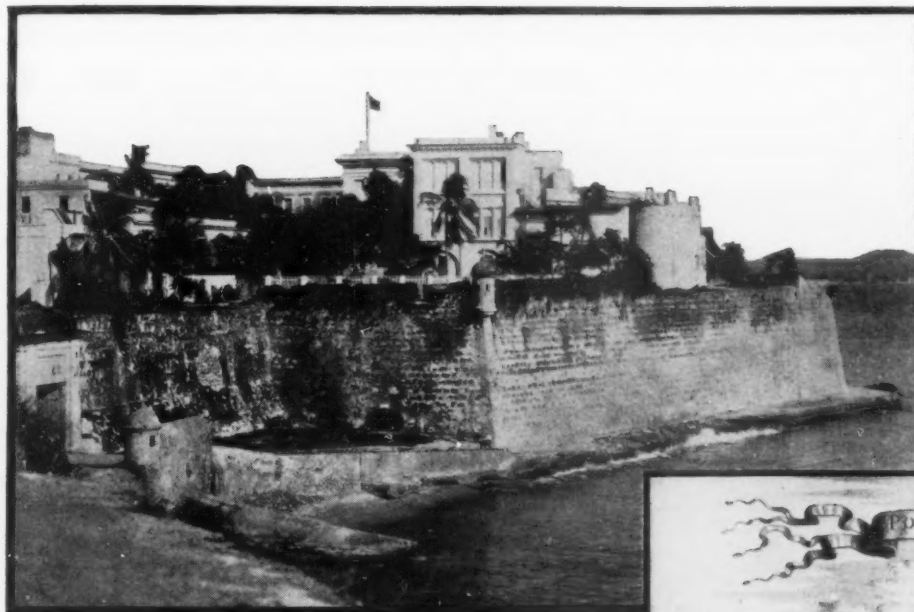
The tangled skein of Vienna's history is a fascinating one to unravel. Every side street has a rich story for the traveller who has the patience and curiosity to look for it.

Photo: Österreichische Lichtbildstelle



Sightseeing and business will be combined at the Vienna Convention. Several group meetings will be held on Danube boats such as is shown here under the shadow of the Convent at Melk.

Booklovers will be tempted to prolong their stay, for in Vienna are some of the richest collections in the world. The Hall of Domes, in the National Library, is noted for its beautiful architecture as well as its thousands of rare volumes.



Fortaleza, an ancient castle, scene of many romantic episodes, is now the residence of the Governor of Porto Rico.

Porto Rico (San Juan) as it looked to Ogilby, a copper plate engraver, in 1671.



Forgotten Porto Rico

By Theodore Roosevelt

Governor of Porto Rico

IF ALL the organizations in the United States, I know of none which can be or should be of more help in solving our problems in Porto Rico than the Rotary clubs.

To begin with, the principle of Rotary is directly applicable down here: "He profits most who serves best." Rotarians have taken as their creed that splendid maxim too often forgotten, "You will receive from life in dividends, happiness and otherwise, just what you put in through work and honesty of purpose."

Besides this, due to the classification system of Rotary clubs, their personnel is of the right type to translate these ideals into actual achievement. Unfortunately, far too many of the organizations we have in the United States, after adopting a splendid set of principles, have not the human material at hand nor the initiative to make of those principles other than an empty gesture. Rotarians can and do back up their principles with action, and proverbially

one ounce of action is worth ten tons of wordy resolutions.

We in Porto Rico are particularly fertile soil for work from the Rotarian standpoint. We are citizens of the United States. There are 1,600,000 of us, and we have been neglected, little known, and misunderstood.

So general has been the lack of knowledge of Porto Rico that I am sorry to say it has extended to the Rotary clubs in the continental United States. Secretaries have written down here to ask our club to send them the flag of Porto Rico, not realizing that the flag of Porto Rico is their own.

We are struggling under any number of handicaps—extreme poverty, disease, insufficient governmental funds to provide education for more than a very limited part of our children, and all the coincident troubles that follow in the train of such conditions. On the other hand, we have splendid opportunities for the development of commerce. I know of no country offering more favorable openings. From a strictly business point of view our

assets are very easy to see, but are hard to equal. To begin with, our people are intelligent and industrious. They are quick to learn a trade and clever with their hands. The supply of labor is great. Right now sixty percent of our potential workers have either no work or are but temporarily employed during a part of the year. The experience of such businesses as have been established here bears witness to the truth of what I say.

Only the other day a gentleman representing a local industry financed in the continental United States came into the office and in the course of conversation informed me that every position in the undertaking he was conducting, from foreman and accountants down to the day laborers, was being filled by Porto Rican born and to his great satisfaction.

We have a twelve-months-a-year climate. The temperature varies but little, which at once gives us a productive capacity in agriculture double that of northern climates. Naturally it also very much affects business, for such items as heat and heavy construction in buildings and plants, a large element in operating expenses and capital expenditures, are absent.

TRANSPORTATION on the island is excellent. We have a railroad that practically belts the coast, and a network of fine insular roads. We have a water-haul to all of the principal markets, the commercial advantage of which is evident.

Last, and not least, we are inside the tariff wall. We receive the same protection in all matters that the continental United States does, so our products can stand on the same basis as those made in other parts of the United States.

Our people in the insular government have been working hard to profit by these advantages and to overcome the difficulties. We are extending practical education in our schools—education of a type that will fit the average boy and girl to take up and handle productive work in industry and agriculture. We are trying to give our children the basic training in practical agriculture and in mechanics or carpentry that will enable them

to profit by opportunities which are offered later. The Bureau of Commerce and Industry is actively working to coordinate our efforts, and to furnish information and aid to such businesses as are established here or may wish to come.

May I suggest that the Rotarians of continental United States plan to visit us during their winter vacations. They will find much to interest them along the lines of which I have spoken. They will find, also, an island of the greatest beauty, with an ideal climate, and a wealth of tradition and legend.

Porto Rico has another and very important significance to the United States. The Porto Ricans are of Spanish blood and tradition, but they are now our fellow citizens. To my way of thinking the most important relationships the United States will have in the future are those with the Spanish-speaking nations to the south. We have misunderstood them, and

we have been misunderstood by them.

Porto Rico can serve both the United States and them by acting as a connecting link between the continents and their cultures. Porto Rico can interpret and explain our ideals and aspirations to them, and theirs in turn to us. She can serve as a clearing house for tropical agricultural methods and tropical medicine. She has started to serve in both rôles today, through our university, our School of Tropical Medicine, and our College of Agriculture.

Rotary is international. Nowhere does there lie to hand a better place to demonstrate the significance of the name; nowhere can Rotary clubs of the United

States find a better opportunity to put into practical form for the benefit of all, their sixth object.

I earnestly hope that the readers of this article will take the invitation I have extended as a personal one. Our Rotary Club will welcome you, and I shall hope to greet you at the Fortaleza. Any who wish further information should write either to our Rotary club or to me.

*The Hon. Theodore Roosevelt,
Governor of Porto Rico.*



El Rotario Ignacio Albo, presidente del Rotary Club de Monterrey, México, entregando al Socio Fundador B. E. French (izquierda), una medalla por no haber dejado de asistir a una sola de las sesiones del club durante ocho años, teniendo un ciento por ciento de asistencia desde su ingreso al Rotary.



El Nacionalismo del Rotario

Su Interpretación y Aplicación

EL SENTIMIENTO de apego y solidaridad del individuo hacia el grupo social de que forma parte, es no solamente compatible con la idea rotaria, sino imprescindible en todo hombre que aspire a merecer el calificativo o la condición de rotario.

Desde luego, que ese sentimiento ha ido evolucionando a través de todos los tiempos, pasando desde el hombre de la tribu, la horda o el clan que no se sentía semejante más que de los otros hombres de su tribu, su horda o su clan y veía como enemigo encarnizado a los miembros de todos los demás grupos distintos del suyo, transformándose después en un sentimiento algo más amplio para abarcar a los habitantes de la misma ciudad, y en esta etapa vemos que en la Grecia surgieron como unidades políticas Atenas, Esparta y Tebas; más tarde surgieron Roma y Cartago; y los ciudadanos de esas poblaciones sólo se sentían unidos entre sí exclusivamente, guerreando y combatiendo y sojuzgando despiadadamente todo otro grupo que no estuviera constituido por atenienses, espartanos, tebanos, romanos o cartagineses, respectivamente.

No había entonces, siquiera, el sentimiento de la nacionalidad, porque no existían las nacionalidades; la ciudad lo absorbía todo; el derecho, las leyes, la li-

bertad; todo, en fin, era privativo del hijo de la ciudad y era negado al que no lo fuera. El extranjero era bárbaro o gentil, se le esclavizaba y ningún sentimiento de solidaridad existía con él. Los filósofos y poetas griegos eran esclavos en Roma.

El patriotismo consistía en servir a la ciudad con valor, y sacrificar la vida por sus glorias guerreras; éstas traerían la prosperidad a costa del enemigo vencido, despojado y esclavizado.

Destruído el imperio de las ciudades, surgió el feudalismo, cuyo vínculo de solidaridad no era otro que el miedo. El individuo se hacía vasallo de un Señor por temor y con la idea de que éste lo defendiera de las depredaciones de los demás; prefería tener un amo antes que ser víctima de una sucesión cambiante de enemigos. Los señores feudales eran rivales entre sí y luchaban y se combatían sin tener más vínculo que el de su conveniencia. La nación, representada por el Rey, era apenas tenida en cuenta, y sólo el peligro de una guerra extranjera ponía entre ellos alguna vinculación.

Más tarde, con la formación de las grandes nacionalidades, el sentimiento se hace común a todos los nativos de cada país; pero la solidaridad entre los hombres sólo traspasa las fronteras de la nación, para cobijar a los nacionales de otro

país aliado en el caso extraordinario de una guerra con un enemigo común. Mientras tanto, sólo es bueno, respetable y valioso lo propio de cada país. Los sentimientos de simpatía jamás alcanzan a las virtudes, tradiciones, artes, ciencias o industrias de otra nación.

Pero viene después otra época, la nuestra, en que las facilidades en las comunicaciones, el buque de vapor, el telégrafo, el cable, el aeroplano, la radiotelefonía, han hecho que los pueblos se conozcan más profundamente; que por toda la faz de la tierra se extiendan los progresos científicos, que las conquistas del saber humano sean patrimonio común del Universo entero.

A la intolerancia patriótica que desperataba fieros arranques en las naciones, ha sucedido una mejor inteligencia, una mayor comprensión y una franca cooperación entre razas y pueblos, entre los que se ha establecido ya una verdadera red de sentimientos simpáticos, de intereses y de ideales, sin que ello signifique que haya desaparecido el amor, el cariño y la lealtad del individuo hacia la tierra que le vio nacer.

Llegado a este grado en su evolución, pero sin haber desaparecido por ello el sentimiento nacionalista o patriótico, es perfectamente compatible con la idea y con la política de Rotary.

Rotary no puede menospreciar ese sentimiento que es innato en el hombre, sino que debe aspirar a perfeccionarlo y elevarlo a su más alto grado, en el cual el rotario ama y se sacrifica por su país, sin dejar de respetar y admirar las grandezas y las glórias de las patrias de los demás hombres.

Es más, inculcando y manteniendo el ideal de "SERVIR," Rotary estimula el espíritu de adhesión y sacrificio en favor de la comunidad en que el Rotario se desenvuelve, sin que en manera alguna esta adhesión y esta solidaridad pueda significar nada contradictorio con la buena

amistad que pueda y deba tener con los hombres de otros países.

Por otra parte, quien no sea un ciudadano leal, quien no ame su patria, no puede tener sitio en Rotary. En Rotary sólo pueden tener cabida los hombres que sean capaces de sentir y amar, y siendo el amor y la amistad sentimientos que se extienden "desde el centro a la periferia," no es posible esperar mucho de los afectos de un individuo que no los tiene para los más allegados a él. Quien no quiera a su familia, no puede querer a sus amigos y paisanos; y quien no ame a su país, no es capaz de cariño ni de simpatía permanente

para los países de los demás hombres.

Por eso decimos que el nacionalismo es algo imprescindible para el buen rotario; pero, repetimos que dentro de la política de Rotary está el reemplazar el nacionalismo de la intransigencia y del odio por ese otro nacionalismo que explicamos, dentro del cual caben el deseo de conocer la verdad acerca de los otros pueblos, la amistad sincera con las demás naciones, la cooperación internacional en todas las empresas de mejoramiento para la Humanidad y el compañerismo entre todos los hombres de la Tierra, que, al cabo, somos miembros de una sola gran familia.

(Tomado de "El Rotario"—Chile)

Actividades en los Distritos

Brillante Asamblea

Manifestación elocuente de la infiltración de los ideales de Rotary en el Distrito 64 ha sido el éxito alcanzado por la Asamblea de Ejecutivos celebrada en la ciudad de Quillota, Chile, en agosto pasado. Concurrieron a esta reunión representantes de cerca de la totalidad de los Rotary Clubs chilenos y los que no pudieron asistir enviaron su adhesión entusiasta lamentando la obligada ausencia. Otro tanto hicieron los Clubes de Bolivia, que integran el Distrito 64.

Nota dominante en esta Asamblea fué la demostración evidente del progreso obtenido por los elementos dirigentes del rotarismo, los cuales pudieron en interesantes disertaciones dilucidar con sencilla elocuencia acerca de temas que llevan envueltos enseñanzas de carácter permanente, cuyo aprovechamiento tiene que ser de capital importancia para el funcionamiento de los Rotary Clubs.

Biblioteca Infantil

Hace poco tiempo fué inaugurada en el local de la escuela número 1 de la ciudad de Mar del Plata, Argentina, la Biblioteca Infantil creada para los alumnos de ese establecimiento por el Rotary Club de Buenos Aires, Argentina, quien donó una colección de 90 volúmenes y por la Sociedad Cooperadora. La Biblioteca Infantil se inauguró bajo los mejores auspicios, contanto con valiosas obras de consulta de las que no solamente podrán aprovechar los alumnos, sino también el personal, tal podría decirse del Diccionario Enciclopédico Hispano-Americano, adquirido por la Sociedad Cooperadora.

Homenaje al Uruguay

El Rotary Club de Concordia, Argentina, con el propósito de fomentar las buenas relaciones de vecindad, dispuso dedicar a la República del Uruguay una comida semanal, a la cual fueron in-

vitados altas personalidades Uruguayas y Argentinas.

Luminoso Informe

La Revista Comercial de Puerto Rico en su número de octubre pasado endosa el muy interesante documento, preparado por el Rotary Club de Ponce sobre la crisis porque atraviesa actualmente Puerto Rico, el cual conceptúa como el mejor pensado y más completo informe que se haya publicado sobre el asunto.

Este informe fué preparado por personas intimamente relacionadas y profundamente conocedoras de los problemas del país, y puede servir muy bien de piedra angular para la reconstrucción del sistema económico en Puerto Rico.

El Rotary Club de Ponce se ha hecho merecedor, una vez más, al aplauso y al endoso de la comunidad.

Beca de Enseñanza

El Rotary Club de Miami, Florida, ha ofrecido una beca de enseñanza en la Universidad de Miami para algún joven Peruano, con el objeto de mejor propender al acercamiento de los países, tal como lo prescribe el Sexto Objeto de Rotary. La Universidad de Miami es una joven institución que ya esta considerada entre las mejores de los Estados Unidos. El Director Internacional Don Luis A. Cháves Velando de Lima, Perú, se ha dirigido a los clubes de su país para que recomienden algun joven para ocupar la beca.

Buena Iniciativa

El Rotary Club de Mollendo tiene una iniciativa, amparada por otros clubes del Perú que se relaciona con la intervención que pueda tener Rotary, para conseguir otorgar facilidades a los viajeros en lo que se refiere a la expedición de pasaportes.

Noche de Damas

El Rotary Club de Monterrey, México, celebró una Noche de Damas con motivo del Aniversario de su fundación y a cuya sesión asistieron el 99% de los Rotarios del Club y Rotarios de los Clubes de Piedras Negras, Gómez Palacio, Tampico, Laredo y San Antonio, Ténas, San Francisco, California y Londres, Inglaterra.

En esta animada sesión se entregó al Rotario B. E. French una medalla por méritos de asistencia, pues, siendo socio fundador del club y teniendo ocho años de pertenecer al mismo, no ha dejado de asistir a una sola de las sesiones del club, teniendo un ciento por ciento de asistencia desde su ingreso al Rotary.

Actividades Chilenas

El Rotary Club de Antofagasta, Chile, celebró con gran lucimiento la Semana del Niño. Este acontecimiento tuvo gran resonancia y en el desfile con que se puso termino al programa participaron más de 5000 niños.

El Rotary Club de Concepción esta empeñado en el estudio del proyecto del puerto aereo y al mismo tiempo patrocina la constitución de una asamblea de rotarios industriales que llegaría a convertirse en una Asociación Nacional de Industriales.

Los Rotarios del Club de Osorno se preocupan de estudiar la posibilidad de fundar un asilo para los hijos de los delincuentes condenados a prisión y niños desvalidos. Por otra parte el Club de Talcahuano trata de adquirir un carro ambulancia e instalar camilla provisorias y el Rotary Club de Talca propicia una campaña para establecer una escuela agrícola regional.

Our Readers' Open Forum

Readers are invited to use this department for the frank discussion of questions of interest to Rotarians and the exchange of ideas on the activities of Rotarians in their clubs and in their home, business, and community life. Contributions should be as brief as possible.

Sociologists Will Agree

To the Editor:

Every sociologist will agree with the article by Miss Clare Tousley, "Salaries vs. Relief," for we know how true it is.

This department turns out 20-25 qualified social workers a year and they all promptly find jobs. I have nearly as much faith in the reliability and intelligence of social workers as I have in lawyers and doctors.

E. A. ROSS

Department of Sociology and Anthropology, University of Wisconsin.
Madison, Wisconsin.

Transformation

To the Editor:

I have just received your November issue. Let me congratulate you on your excellent format. It's a transformation and does the Rotary International great credit.

J. CHARLES LAUE

Managing Editor, Forbes Magazine.
New York, New York.

Need Both Young and Old

To the Editor:

Just a word about the controversy regarding "grey-haired members." I'm one of them at only age fifty, but I can see the effect on our club of the members becoming harder to interest in new and more recent activities. Each year increases our difficulties in getting "pep" into our gatherings. We take in a few new ones who are young, but we surely need more of them—as well as we also need those who are so-called "old."

Rotary must not get "stale" if it is to continue.

Let me compliment you on the improved ROTARIAN, but we need some good short jokes to liven it up.

VIC SOWERS

Mansfield, Ohio.

"Heartily Endorsed"

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

Some time last month there appeared in the bulletin of Glyndon H. Crocker, Governor, 28th District, an article headed "Younger Men Needed for Perpetuation of Rotary."

I most heartily endorsed that article and have been harping on that same subject for at least five years. Then this article was followed up by your editorial "Rotary's Present Tense," which was but

another endorsement of the stand I have taken in this matter. I just want you to know I am pleased that someone has started an argument along this line, because, as I said before, for five years I have preached exactly the same thing, not only in my own club but in all the clubs I have visited, and I think it is time we gave it serious consideration.

The average age of Rotarians is growing past the age of pep and we need new blood. For instance, there was recently organized in Kansas City a new classification club and in going over the charter members I found twelve of them were either sons of Rotarians or junior members of organizations which belong to Rotary. They knew what their fathers or superiors were getting out of Rotary and felt it was an opportunity to mix up in a club similar to its ideals. I plead with some of the fathers and bosses for the younger fellows to come into Rotary but they seemed to feel the Rotary members were too old and set in their ways for the younger men to get much of a chance. You know that sounded bad to me. I think we should stir up a campaign for taking in younger members.

I imagine that you have received some comebacks. No doubt some of the old "birds" have taken offense at even the suggestion of their being retired. I think the editorial was fine and hope you will continue to agitate this subject.

RUSSELL F. GREINER

Past President, Rotary International.
Kansas City, Missouri.

Crippled Children: Beer Bottles

The Editor:

No doubt readers of THE ROTARIAN would be interested in the following story: One morning, a short time ago, the writer received a visit in his office, from four boys, about 14 years of age, who enquired whether the secretary of the Rotary Club was around. On being answered in the affirmative, they stated that they had a donation of \$4.00 for the Rotary Club's Crippled Children Fund. The names of the boys were Stanley Horswill, George Bates, Cecil Jeffcott, and George Beattie. The boys on being asked whether the donation was to be credited to them, replied no. "Put it down to the Dinky Links," they said. Then the story came out. It transpired that the boys had built a miniature golf course of nine holes, in one of their back yards, and were catering to the youthful

golf fans of the neighborhood. The charge was two cents, if homemade clubs were used and three cents if regular clubs were used. In the event of cash not being available, empty beer bottles were accepted (in Canada, empty beer bottles are marketable, the Breweries redeeming them at 15¢ per doz. pints). The four dollars was the result of their first two weeks operation. Since then they have contributed another four dollars to the fund. Personally I think this is hard to beat.

Not to be outdone some smaller boys brought in a donation of 85¢ realized on an eighteen hole, back-yard course.

G. HORSTEAD

Secretary, Rotary Club.
Nelson, British Columbia.

Mental Poise Restored

To the Editor:

After an unsatisfactory evening spent—a strong desire to rid myself of the resultant bad taste, usually leads me to reach out for a good book, or magazine, in the endeavor to square up with myself.

William Lyon Phelps' golf article in the Readers' Digest,* of which regrettably there was but an excerpt, decidedly was the means of restoring my mental poise.

In order to show in a small way my gratification for the pleasure given me, I have sent the author a box of Reddy Tees—my conception of ten years ago.

WILLIAM LOWELL

South Orange, N. J.

**A shortened version of "Ten Years of Looking Up," was printed in the November issue of "Readers' Digest."—ED.*

"William the Lyin' Whelp"

To the Editor:

Several contributors to the "Open Forum" in the September issue of the ROTARIAN give William Lyon Phelps' dignity quite a shake down and I wish to do my bit.

I visited his summer home in the Thumb of Michigan during the past summer and heard him address a band of tourists from his front porch. His exaggerated and extravagant claims as to the superiority of the air, the water, the land, and the scenery of the section in which he lives, earned for him the cognomen of "William the Lyin' Whelp"

which the writer had the pleasure of dubbing him at a banquet the following evening at which "Billy" presided as toastmaster.

WILLIAM M. CONNELLY
Grand Haven, Michigan.

"A House on a Hill-Top"

To the Editor:

Often I have listened to the enjoyable Rotary luncheon programs over Radio—and only today discovered the location of your magazine.

I am a shut-in, though not confined to four walls, but a house on a hill-top in the Santa Monica Mountains—no neighbors nearer than a mile, and no phone, constitute a fair supply of shut-up-ness. My greatest joy is my radio, and through it I have contact with a world of melody, art, literature, and human interest.

MRS. BERTHA CORBETT MELCHER
Topanga, California.

Children's Work?

Dear ROTARIAN Editor,

A recent Monthly Letter from headquarters tells us what Rotary International is doing "to focus public attention upon boys as the world's greatest asset by making nations think in terms of boyhood."

... I am father of two girls and two boys. Were it expected of me, as a good Rotarian, to teach them that the two sons form part of the world's greatest asset, and that the two daughters are in some other category which we need not even bother to specify, then I would have to confess to being a dissenter within the ranks in respect to that part of Rotary philosophy. I would tell my children, in legal fashion, that the masculine gender must be read to include the feminine gender, and that the statement about boys being the world's greatest asset should be read to mean that "children" are the world's greatest asset.

This criticism is not merely destructive. To complete it, the constructive suggestion arises that the title "Boy's Work" be officially superseded by a broader title "Children's Work," or "Girls' and Boys' Work."

N. MORTIMER THOMAS
Sydney, Australia.

A Reply to Van Loon

To the Editor:

I had read Mr. Van Loon's article in the October ROTARIAN and then had laid it aside with no intention whatever of undertaking to write a reply to it, not because I was not interested in it and in the conditions in modern college life, to which he takes exception, but because of

the fact that I am so busy trying to correct many of the poor things in modern college education, to which not only Mr. Van Loon refers, but with which so many of our current publications are filled.

The colleges of the United States have undoubtedly been going through an experience of very active criticism ever since the end of the World War. It is interesting, too, to note that probably more of this criticism comes from within the colleges than from without, for the college presidents and college professors have tried their hands at efforts to remedy conspicuous defects to a far greater extent than those like Mr. Van Loon, who look upon the college in a sense from the outside.

Mr. Van Loon seems to take exception to two things which he sees as seriously affecting the present college situation. One of them is the conservatism of faculties with regard to the emphasis laid upon the Classics, or in other words on the so-called cultural studies as over against the so-called practical courses. College faculties, of course, are conservative and more than that, in my judgment, they ought to be, and should inspect most carefully every new thing which is proposed as a means of healing all of the diseases to which modern education seems to have fallen heir. His statement that the Classical studies when they were first taken up, at the end of the Middle Ages, were at that time eminently practical studies is, of course, true simply because of the fact that they were concerned with matters for which students had immediate use. Almost everyone is familiar with the rule laid down by Rousseau, in his *Emile*, that he would have only useful studies taught in school. We are all quite well aware of the discussion, not to say controversy, that has been carried on ever since the Middle Ages in the colleges of the world as to which studies are useful and which are not. Mr. Van Loon knows, of course, that there are many people in this country fully as much concerned as he is over the progress of education and who feel at the same time that Classical studies, or to put it more broadly, the general cultural courses are after all for a civilization so largely industrial, the most useful studies which a college can offer, or a student can pursue.

I am not undertaking at the moment to reach any conclusion upon this controversy, except to say that the colleges must go their own way and do their work as best they can in the midst of the sort of agitation which this controversy provokes. The result is that the colleges have been giving a great deal of attention to cultural courses, because the colleges think that such courses are liberalizing in their effects and that these liberal studies are one of the conspicuous needs of our modern civilization. At the same time, the increase in the so-

called useful or practical courses in the colleges of this country has been quite conspicuous, far more conspicuous, I venture to say, than Mr. Van Loon's statement would lead his readers to believe.

The other point which Mr. Van Loon makes is that he can find so few inspiring teachers in the colleges today, that he would prefer to have the two boys, of whom he speaks, placed in a boat with a lobster fisherman than to be in a university with a modern college teacher. The only thing that I can say on this point is, that after many years of very intimate acquaintance with the colleges of this country, I simply do not agree with Mr. Van Loon, basing my statement upon my own experience. I have not been out of contact with college life in this country since 1892, and I am prepared to assert that at any rate there are more inspiring teachers in the colleges today than I have ever known before. It really might interest Mr. Van Loon very much to visit the colleges of this country and get sufficiently in touch with what is going on to inform himself of the many interesting experiments that are being tried, the majority of which do not get into the newspapers or magazines. The half dozen colleges cited by Mr. Van Loon would not constitute a tithe of the colleges where this sort of thing is taking place.

I have written the above for your own information for I have no desire to enter into any public discussion of this matter, though, of course, you are at liberty to make any use of the statements which I have made which you desire to do.

ROBERT E. VINSON
President, Western Reserve University,
Cleveland, Ohio.

"That Man Schnitzler"

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading the article of Almon Watson McCall "Find Your Place, Says Schnitzler" in the November, 1930, number of our magazine.

I have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Schnitzler deliver the particular address referred to in Mr. McCall's article. It is particularly worth while for everyone. To see and hear that man Schnitzler is to make the ordinary successful man strive more earnestly for those things in life which are really worth while and thus unconsciously make himself a better Rotarian.

Almon Watson McCall has written a mighty fine article on this man Schnitzler and I am only sorry that it should not be given even more publicity than possible through the Rotarian. The human interest background of the career of Schnitzler is very ably pointed out in this article. It is instructive, as well as a pleasure, to read this type of article.

LEO C. LILLIE
Grand Haven, Michigan.

Two Rotarians, Colonel V. C. Richmond and Major G. H. Scott, perished in the R-101 tragedy. Wilfred Andrews, R.I.B.I. president, is here shown in the official funeral procession, second from the left. Dr. Eckener, commander of the Graf Zeppelin, is in the first row, nearest the reader.



Rotary Around the World

These interesting items, gleaned from many countries, enable you to catch the pulse of Rotary clubs actively at work.

Hungary

A Neighborly Visit

PECS—Rotarians and their wives from this city and Budapest recently met here for a joint program and a sightseeing excursion about the city.

Yugoslavia

Help Student

NOVI SAD—Novi Sad Rotarians contribute Din. 300 each month to assist a deserving student.

China

Novel by Rotary Ann

SHANGHAI—A novel of present day China has been written by Mrs. James Wallace, a former Shanghai Rotary Ann, and will appear from the press of Wm. Heinemann, Ltd. Another item of news that has caused much comment among Shanghai Rotarians was the recent visit of the president of the Rotary Club of Bangkok, Prince Purachatra, brother to the King of Siam.

Czechoslovakia

Presents Japanese Flag

PRAGUE—The Japanese minister to Czechoslovakia recently presented to the Prague Rotary Club a Japanese flag, testifying to the goodwill prevailing between Japan and Czechoslovakia.

Porto Rico

Prosperity Survey

PONCE—An important contribution to Porto Rican economics has been made by the Rotary Club of this city in the form of a survey of present conditions. Constructive suggestions, especially on how to recover from the disaster at San Felipe, are offered.

Norway

Legacy to Rotary

STAVANGER—The Stavanger Rotary Club has received a 17,000 krone bequest, of which the interest is to be used to provide aid for talented students.

Toytime! Champaign (Ill.) Rotarians had these toys repaired and gave them to needy children last Christmas.





A score of high officials of the Lackawanna Railroad were guests of the Rotary Club of Binghamton (New York) at a special program in honor of the club president, Frank Cizek, division superintendent of the Lackawanna. The speakers' table represented a railroad diner. Service please!

Spain

To Aid Needy Student

VALLADOLID—Rotarians have offered to pay expenses of an exceptionally brilliant and worthy medical student at the local university.

Purchase Auto Bus

MADRID—An autobus, to take poor children to the open-air school at Cuidad Lineal, is being purchased by the Madrid Rotary Club.

Germany

Honor Tibet Explorer

BERLIN—A fountain has been erected in Bad Homburg in honor of Rotarian H. C. W. Pilchner, famous explorer of Tibet.

Hold "Youth Meeting"

STUTTGART—A "youth meeting" of the local Rotary Club attracted wide attention and was attended by Rotarians, their wives and children.

Another German Club

HALLE—Dr. Gustav Aubin, professor of political economy, is president of the new Rotary Club of this city. Erich Weise is secretary.

Editor Tells of America

HAMBURG—Hamburg Rotarians recently heard Professor Alfred Hermann, one of a group of journalists from twelve countries who toured the United States under the Carnegie Endowment, tell his impressions of the New World.

Argentina

Want Children to Play

MENDOZA—The Mendoza Rotary Club has secured the reservation of part of one of the city's principal parks for the exclusive use of children, and has supplied it with full playground equipment.

King Carnival reigned when the staff of Rotary International celebrated Halloween. Everybody came toggged out in costumes of various kinds. And pumpkin pie and cider were served. . . .



Concordia. . . . Concord

CONCORDIA—Local Rotarians, to promote closer friendship between Argentine and neighboring Uruguay, devoted a recent meeting to the latter. The session brought together forty of the leading officials, business men, editors and educators of the community.

Hail Artist

BUENOS AIRES—Benito Quinquela Martín, upon his return from England where his paintings have been widely exhibited, was feted by local Rotarians at a gala dinner, and complimented upon his success in interpreting Argentine culture for the world.

Chile

A . . . Z

COPIAPO—In alphabetical order, members of the Copiapo Rotary Club are called upon, one each week, to give a five minute talk on some phase of Rotary education. The club recently entertained 400 school children on a national holiday.

Aid Aviators' Families

MAGALLANES—When word reached this city that three aviators, sent out to chart air routes for linking southern Chile with the north, had perished, the Rotary Club sponsored a campaign which raised \$58,000. This sum will be divided among the families of the unfortunate men.

That the Sick May Ride

TALCAHUANO—Local Rotarians have provided an ambulance for this city, and have installed beds at the hospital for emergency cases.

Funds for Farm School

TALCA—The Talca Rotary Club has organized a campaign to raise funds for the establishment of a badly needed agricultural school.

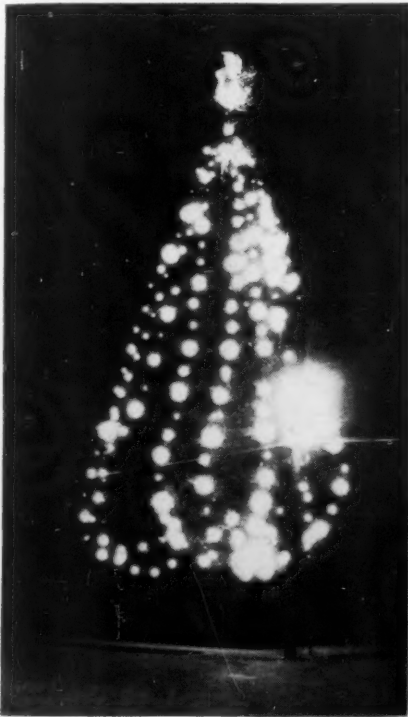
Belgium

Settle 700 Disputes

LA LOUVIERE—The Chamber of Commerce, started on the initiative of the Rotary Club du Centre, has during the past year settled some 700 commercial disputes.

Home for Cripples

CHARLEROI—District coöperation has raised a 120,000 franc fund to found a home for crippled children. The City of Charleroi will supply the site, and the government will contribute an additional 100,000 francs.



Motorists come from miles around Watsonville, Calif., every Christmas season to see the elaborately lighted streets, stores, and homes. The Rotary Club, sponsors of the project, have full coöperation from civic and church organizations.



Floyd Bateman, former president of Chicago Rotary, has the pleasant task of presenting honorary life membership and an automobile to Byron O. Jones, chairman of Chicago's Rotary Sunshine Committee since 1911.

Mexico

Play Under Eucalypti

MORELIA—A eucalyptus-shaded park for children, in the central part of Morelia, has been opened by the local club. Installation of playground equipment, also supplied by Rotarians, was done gratis by the director and boys of the Industrial Technical School.

Lock Flags, Lose Keys

CHIHUAHUA—When completion of the railroad bridge connecting Ojinaga, Chihuahua, and Presidio, Texas, brought a trainload of goodwill visitors, local Rotarians sponsored an international meeting at Club Bohemio. To symbolize the event, Mexican and United States flags were fastened together with a

padlock, and the keys thrown into the deepest part of the Rio Bravo at the international border. Rotarians from Sweetwater, Alpine, San Angelo, Texas, and Wichita, Kansas, were present.

Malaya

Rotary Enters Malacca

MALACCA—Not even an automobile accident kept James W. Davidson, honorary general commissioner, from assisting in the formal organization of a new Rotary Club at Malacca. "Never before," commented the *Malacca Guardian*, "so far as we can recollect, had there been a more representative gathering in the town, consisting of officials, business and professional men of several races and religions."

Peru

Study Neighbors

LIMA—An entire session of the Lima Rotary Club was recently devoted to the Republic of Colombia. Brief instructive addresses were given. Guests included the Colombian Minister.

Another Club

HUANCAYO—A promising Rotary Club has been organized in this city with Dr. Oswaldo Aguirre Morales as president.

[Cont'd on page 50]



On Tour!

Par André Maurois

RIEN N'EST plus agréable que de voyager; rien n'est plus difficile que de *bien* voyager. Un proverbe français dit que les voyages forment la jeunesse. C'est exact; il faudrait ajouter que trop souvent ils déforment l'âge mûr. Mal voyager, c'est arracher un être humain à une maison qu'il connaît, et où ses habitudes sont satisfaites, à des amis qu'il commence à comprendre, à un paysage qu'il commence à aimer, pour le jeter dans un monde artificiel de gares, de porteurs, d'hôtels internationaux, de théâtres dont il ne comprend pas le langage et de voisins dont il ne comprend pas les âmes. Cependant bien voyager est, de tous les plaisirs du monde, peut-être le plus parfait et certainement l'un des plus intelligents. Il n'est donc pas inutile, en commençant cet article, d'indiquer ce qui fait la différence entre le bon et le mauvais voyageur.

Première règle. Le bon voyageur limite son programme, sait choisir et ne veut pas voir un trop grand nombre de choses dans un petit nombre de jours. Hier, voyageant de Paris à Londres, j'avais dans mon compartiment une famille américaine, visiblement à demi-morte de fatigue, et qui racontait avoir "fait" en deux mois toute l'Europe: Hollande, Allemagne, Autriche, Italie, France et Espagne. Il faut tenir compte, en voyageant, de deux éléments essentiels: la résistance physique du corps et la capacité d'absorption de l'esprit. Le corps, en voyage, doit être traité avec prudence. Déjà le changement de climat, le changement de lit, le changement de nourriture, le mettent à une assez rude épreuve. Il ne faut jamais le conduire jusqu'à la fatigue. Avec un corps épuisé, on ne jouit plus des spectacles les plus beaux. Il faut prévoir de nombreux jours de repos, ne jamais se croire obligé d'avoir *tout* vu dans une ville, ne pas se considérer comme humilié parce qu'on a négligé deux églises sur quatre-vingt-dix-sept. L'esprit, sur ce point, s'accorde avec le corps. Les connaissances qui ne font que le traverser rapidement lui échappent vite. Les enfants écoutent avec ennui et résignation la lecture, par le père de famille, de la fondation du

château-fort par Philippe-Auguste au treizième siècle, mais ils ont déjà oublié cette page du guide tandis qu'ils écoutent la lecture, par le même père de famille, de la construction de la cathédrale par Saint X... au douzième siècle. Pour avoir une impression vraie d'un pays, rien n'est plus important que d'y rester assez longtemps et surtout d'y avoir quelquefois rêvé, sans rien faire. Un esprit vraiment cultivé se forme, comme une bonne terre de culture, par les dépôts successifs qu'y apportent lentement les années. Donc mieux vaut, pour la formation du voyageur, avoir très bien vu un petit nombre de choses que très mal vu beaucoup de choses. Aucun homme ne peut connaître tout l'Univers. *La première devise du voyageur devrait être: choisir.*

DEUXIÈME règle: *le bon voyageur prépare ses voyages.* Un pays n'est pas une création spontanée, qui a surgi tout d'un coup sur la surface de la terre, avec ses maisons, ses monuments, ses citoyens et sa langue. Un pays, comme un être vivant, c'est quelque chose qui a grandi, qui s'est transformé, qui a reçu des apports d'autres pays, et que l'on ne peut bien comprendre que si l'on connaît son passé. Sur chaque pays on peut trouver d'innombrables livres où l'on apprendra son histoire, la formation de son architecture, de sa peinture, de sa littérature. Pour celui qui arrivera en Europe, ayant déjà formé l'idée de l'armature intérieure du pays qu'il va visiter, le voyage prendra un intérêt cent fois plus vif. Là où le voyageur non préparé ne verrait qu'une maison banale, il découvrira des traits dignes d'être observés. Les sculptures du porche d'une église qui, pour le voyageur sans lectures, seront dépourvues de sens, deviendront pour lui comme un livre qu'il déchiffrera sans difficulté. Telle plaine que traversera le chemin de fer et qui, pour un autre, sera plate et ennuyeuse, sera pour lui vivante parce qu'il saura y retrouver le champ de bataille d'une des plus grandes guerres de l'histoire.

Son plaisir sera plus vif encore s'il a préparé son voyage par des lectures des

grandes oeuvres littéraires qui se passent dans le pays qu'il va traverser. Combien une petite ville française, comme Saumur par exemple, devient vivante pour le voyageur intelligent qui aura lu l'*Eugénie Grandet* de Balzac! Comme un petit bourg normand prendra soudain une vie profonde pour l'Américain cultivé qui aura lu *Madame Bovary*! Que Notre-Dame de Paris, déjà si belle, sera plus belle encore pour celui qui saura, devant ses tours, évoquer le Quasimodo de Victor Hugo! Et combien par exemple une visite à Florence gagne-t-elle à être préparée par des lectures de Dante, de Ruskin, de Taine, de Stendhal, ou par celle du *Lys Rouge* d'Anatole France. Je suis très surpris que les éditeurs américains, qui sont pleins d'idées, n'aient pas encore pensé à un *Guide pour le pèlerin littéraire, en Europe et aux Etats-Unis*. J'ai passé quelques-unes des semaines les plus agréables de ma vie à faire des pèlerinages littéraires. C'est comme si l'on associait à son voyage quelques-uns des plus grands esprits de tous les temps, et il n'est même pas nécessaire, pour préparer de tels pèlerinages, de connaître la langue du pays que l'on va visiter, puisque presque tous les chefs-d'oeuvre sont traduits.

Troisième règle. Apprendre au moins les éléments de la langue du pays où l'on va vivre. Le voyageur qui ne sait pas un seul mot de cette langue, qui n'est même pas capable de demander son chemin et de comprendre la réponse, de commander un repas, d'échanger quelques mots amicaux avec un paysan, devient l'esclave des guides, des agences, des tours organisés, institutions estimables et utiles, mais dont le voyageur doit compléter le travail par un effort personnel. Il n'est pas nécessaire, pour commencer l'exploration d'un pays ou d'une ville, de savoir parfaitement une langue. Il suffit, avant le départ, d'avoir eu la sagesse et la patience d'apprendre quelques phrases. En ce qui concerne le français, c'est facile. N'y a-t-il pas, dans presque toutes les villes d'Amérique, une Alliance Française? Si ensuite l'on se sert courageusement de ces quelques

[Continue page 46]

Michigan's First Schoolmaster

[Continued from page 26]

secondary education, but included, as well, industrial training for the children of the Indians. Many measures that he then advocated have been adopted into the public education system of the present day.

As has already been pointed out, Father Richard felt it important to provide reading matter for his frontier community. To further this end he brought from the east a printing press, and a printer to operate it. For many years he was regarded as the founder of the press in Michigan, but recent studies have shown that there was a small press in operation in Detroit from 1796 to 1805, in which year it was undoubtedly destroyed in the fire which had burned to the ground every house within the stockade.

This earlier press, however, so far as we know, printed only one pamphlet, setting forth the laws of the United States applicable to the Northwest territory, and a wide variety of legal forms.

No books or pamphlets of an educational character are known to have been produced by this press. At any rate, no press was in operation in 1809, when Father Richard brought into the community this indispensable, cultural, and civilizing influence. He regarded a printing press simply as an instrument of his educational activities.

IT IS significant of Richard's interest that the first product of the new press was "The Child's Spelling Book and Michigan Instructor," the authorship of which can confidently be ascribed to the energetic priest, himself. The next product of which we know was the initial issue of the first newspaper published in the state, known as "The Michigan Essay." This four-page, four-column paper reflected credit on James M. Miller, who is named as the printer-publisher, and greater credit on the man behind the scenes, who preferred to remain

anonymous. It is likely that several further issues appeared, but no copies of any but the first number are now to be found.

The press passed under the direction of Aaron Coxshaw in 1810, and we have preserved copies of several devotional books printed the following year, as well as a volume of French literary selections, with the quaint title of "Les Ornemens de La Memoire" (Ornaments of Memory). In succeeding years we find issuing from the press a set of moral and educational conversations under the title "Le Livre de Famille ou Journal des Enfants," a volume of epistles and gospels, a text of La Fontaine's fables, and a number of other lesser works, copies of which have been preserved. There were undoubtedly many other publications of which we do not know, because of the fact that no copies of them survived the vicissitudes of frontier life.

[Continued on page 47]



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[Continuation de la page 44]

phrases pour entrer en conversation, pour essayer de comprendre un sermon à l'église, un discours au Parlement, un dialogue au théâtre, on sera surpris de voir avec quelle rapidité le vocabulaire du voyageur s'enrichira. Je connais peu de plaisirs plus vifs que de commencer à comprendre une langue nouvelle. Dans les conversations qui jusqu'alors n'ont été pour vous qu'un bruit mystérieux, vous reconnaissez vite des sons amicaux et, en quelques semaines, vous vous sentez déjà en territoire connu. A ce point de vue, beaucoup d'Américains commencent à voyager très intelligemment. En particulier j'approuve beaucoup certains collègues de jeunes filles, comme Smith College, qui envoient leurs élèves passer six mois à Paris, dans une famille française. Elles en sortent sachant bien le français et toutes prêtes désormais à comprendre, jusqu'en ses profondeurs, l'esprit et le charme du pays.

ENFIN, quatrième règle: je voudrais que le voyageur ne se contentât pas de spectacles trop connus, et quelquefois même préparés pour lui. Les Américains trouvent ridicule, et avec raison, le Français qui juge l'Amérique après avoir vu les abattoirs de Chicago et un cinéma à New-York, mais les Français ne sont pas moins choqués par l'Américain qui jugerait la France après avoir vu un music-hall. Il faut essayer de voir ce que voient les Français eux-mêmes. Il faut (et c'est très facile) essayer d'explorer les régions qui ne sont pas encore gâtées par le tourisme organisé. La France est un pays extrêmement varié, et que l'on ne connaît bien que lorsqu'on l'a parcouru du Nord au Sud. Certaines provinces ont gardé leur charme ancien, leur cuisine régionale, leurs hôtels simples et bon marché. Je citerai par exemple le Périgord, certaines parties de la Normandie, de la Bretagne, de la Touraine, tout le Centre, une grande partie de la Provence, les Landes, la Bourgogne, l'Alsace, d'autres encore. Dans de toutes petites villes, comme Chablis, comme Mont-de-Marsan, comme Vézelay, comme Brantôme, le voyageur trouve des coins qui sont d'abord charmants à regarder, mais qui ne sont pas moins délicieux pour y vivre, et où l'Américain s'initie à ce quelque chose de secret, de calme et de beau, qui est la vie provinciale française. Je ne veux pas du tout dire par là qu'il doit renoncer à

voir les monuments connus et les grandes villes, mais je veux dire qu'il doit compléter les tours traditionnels par de petites explorations plus originales et qui lui apprendront peut-être davantage. D'ailleurs cette méthode n'est pas nouvelle pour les plus cultivés des Américains et il m'est arrivé de rencontrer, aux Etats-Unis, des hommes et des femmes qui avaient voyagé en France très intelligemment et qui connaissaient, parfois mieux que moi, les églises et les auberges de telle province française.

Beaucoup d'amis étrangers, quand je leur donne au sujet d'un voyage en France les conseils qui précèdent, me répondent ceci: "Vous avez raison. Nous savons très bien que, voir un pays, ce n'est pas parcourir en hâte ses grandes routes. Nous savons que la France est essentiellement un pays de vie de famille, et que l'on n'a pas compris le pays tant que l'on ne s'est pas mêlé à cette vie. Nous ne demandons qu'à nous y mêler et nous ne demandons qu'à comprendre. Mais est-ce notre faute si nous avons tant de mal à y parvenir? Justement parce que la famille française est un groupe très fermé, elle accueille difficilement l'étranger. Il n'est pas facile pour un Américain ou pour un Anglais qui arrive en France, sans y avoir déjà des amis, de se faire ouvrir les portes d'une maison française. Notre bonne volonté est entière, mais quelle méthode faut-il suivre?"

L'objection n'est pas sans force. Pourtant je répondrais, d'abord que, depuis la guerre, le Français est plus curieux de choses étrangères qu'il ne l'avait jamais été. Beaucoup de jeunes gens français parlent l'anglais, sont curieux de littérature anglaise et trouvent grand plaisir à essayer leur science de la langue sur des visiteurs étrangers. Ensuite il n'est pas très difficile, pour l'Américain qui sait quelques mots de français, de trouver, fût-ce de façon indirecte, un ami qui, par une première lettre de recommandation, lui rendra plus facile l'entrée dans une famille. Les jeunes filles de Smith College, dont je parlais tout à l'heure, me disent qu'elles ont toujours rencontré, dans les familles françaises où elles ont vécu, un accueil très sympathique. J'ajoute que l'Américain qui entrera en contact avec une famille française de classe moyenne aura généralement une très bonne surprise.

Peut-être, en pénétrant dans de telles maisons, l'Américain jugera-t-il au premier moment qu'elles manquent du

confort auquel il est lui-même habitué. Il verra vite qu'elles lui apportent *un autre type de confort*, peut-être plus profond. La France n'est pas un pays pauvre, mais c'est un pays prudent, économe, dont les habitants aiment, non pas à dépenser ce qu'ils gagnent sous forme de luxe extérieur, mais à créer un capital, soit pour leurs vieux jours, soit pour leurs enfants. Même dans les affaires, cet esprit de prudence et de modestie règne dans les meilleures familles. A l'homme d'affaires américain, qui souhaite comprendre les hommes d'affaires français, je conseillerai de les étudier, soit dans le Nord, dans l'agglomération Lille-Roubaix-Tourcoing, où il trouvera des hommes très modernes et un accueil très cordial, soit dans l'Est, soit enfin à Lyon, qui est une ville extrêmement remarquable.

POUR le simple touriste, je crois (s'il n'est en contact personnel avec aucune famille française) que c'est dans les petits hôtels, dans les petites auberges de province dont je parlais plus haut, qu'il étudiera le plus facilement les Français. Là une grande intimité règne; il connaîtra vite le propriétaire et une partie des hôtes. J'ai des amis anglais, qui vont tous les ans à Caudebec, au bord de la Seine, et qui sont devenus les amis de l'hôtelier, des pêcheurs, de toute la ville. Ils sont un excellent exemple de l'avantage qu'il y a à voir *peu et bien*, et non *beaucoup et mal*. Par leur seule connaissance de cette bourgade, ils ont parfaitement compris l'âme provinciale française.

Je voudrais ajouter une seule idée: c'est que, pour mon compte, je souhaite très vivement que, par de tels voyageurs, un contact beaucoup plus intime soit établi entre la France et les Etats-Unis. Les deux pays se connaissent mal et des légendes absurdes et fausses courent, chez chacun des deux, sur l'autre. Or je crois, au contraire, qu'ils ont beaucoup à apprendre l'un de l'autre parce qu'ils se complètent. L'Américain trouvera en France le modèle d'une vie plus calme, plus familiale. Le Français trouvera chez l'Américain l'image d'une jeunesse, d'une curiosité, d'une générosité qui lui plairont beaucoup quand il les connaîtra bien. Le voyageur n'est pas seulement un homme qui se divertit; c'est aussi un ambassadeur de son propre pays, et un explorateur qui peut rapporter à ses compatriotes des enseignements précieux.

[Continued from page 45]

In every respect Father Richard was an outstanding citizen of his adopted country. For a period during the war of 1812 he was held prisoner because of efforts to insure the loyalty of his people to the United States. In 1825 he was elected territorial delegate to Congress. The one bill he introduced provided for an appropriation for the building of a new highway between Detroit and Chicago.

Sad to relate, Father Richard enjoyed few of the satisfactions that should have been the reward of so useful a career. There was a bitter quarrel in his parish regarding the site on which St. Anne's Church should be rebuilt, following its destruction in the fire of 1805. Suit for damages, growing out of his denunciation of an adulterous parishioner in 1817, led to a judgment against him, which continued to plague him to the end of his days.

With great plans in mind and pitifully insufficient funds at his disposal he battled year after year to give the members of the community the advantages, civic, educational, and spiritual, that he coveted for them. Gabriel Richard must be regarded as the "first citizen of Detroit" during the pioneer days, yet it is surprising how few present-day residents of Michigan know his name, much less having any conception of the unselfish, superhuman service he rendered his city and state.

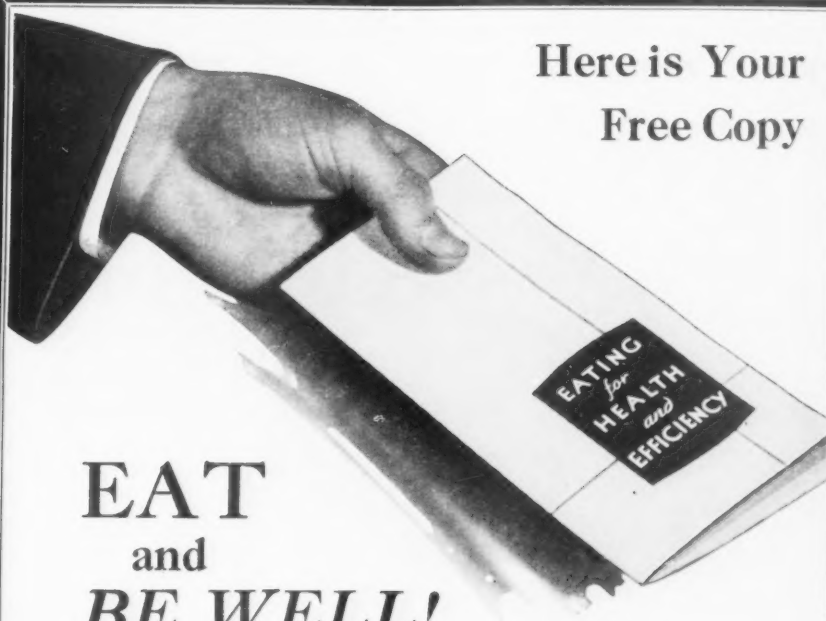
IN 1816 Bishop Plessis, of Quebec, visited Detroit and observed the activities in that parish. In an account of this visit he penned a vivid picture of the day by day labor of this outstanding Michigan pioneer:

"This ecclesiastic is, moreover, thoroughly estimable on account of his regularity, of the variety of his knowledge, and especially of an activity of which it is difficult to form an idea. He has the talent of doing almost simultaneously ten different things. Provided with newspapers, well informed on all political questions, ever ready to argue on religion when the occasion presents, and thoroughly learned in theology, he reaps his hay, gathers the fruit of his garden,

manages a fishery fronting his lot, teaches mathematics to one young man, reading to another, devotes time to mental prayer, establishes a printing-press, confesses all his people, imports carding and spinning wheels and looms to teach the women of his parish how to work, leaves not a single act of his parish register unwritten, mounts an electrical machine, goes on sick-calls at a very great distance, writes letters to and receives others from all parts, preaches every Sunday both lengthily

and learnedly, spends whole nights without sleep, enriches his library, walks for whole days, loves to converse, receives company, teaches Catechism to his young parishioners, supports a girls' school under the management of a few female teachers of his own choosing whom he directs like a religious community, while he gives lessons in plain-song to young boys assembled in a school he has founded, leads a most frugal life, and is in good health, as fresh and able at the age of fifty as one usually is at thirty."

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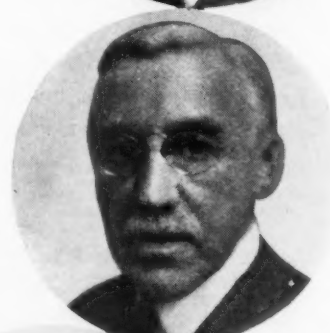
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Rotary's Hole-in-One Club



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Proceeding clockwise and starting with "twelve o'clock" they are:

Hobart C. Young, Philadelphia, Pa., Pinehurst, N. C., Club; Goro Takahashi, Sydney, Australia, Moore Park Links; Emil Wurl, Plattsmouth, Nebr., G. C., 122 yards.

John G. Whittier, Newark, N. J., North Jersey C. C., 135 yards; Harry C. Bubb,* Williamsport, Pa., C. C.; David Collon, Romeo, Mich., The Cascades, 95 yards.

(Six o'clock) H. Foster Fudge,** Crawfordsville, Ind., C. C., 190 yards; Shelley E. Tracy, Dallas, Tex., Lakewood C. C.; Leonard Woods, St. Louis, Mo., Normandie Club, 110 yards.

J. J. McMahon,*** Mobile, Ala., C. C., 168 yards; Walter Adams, Pine Bluff, Ark., G. and C. C., 110 yards; Morgan Smith, Jennings, La., 210 yards.

*Record made on the "Bubb Hole" in Veteran Bubb's seventy-fourth year and 18,928th game.

**A repeater. Two-Star Fudge made a 165-yard hole-in-one a year ago.

***Another repeater; has No. 17, 186 yards at Asheville, N. C., to his credit also.

Short Chats on Our Contributors

NORSEMEN built stone houses on the west coast of Greenland about 1000 A.D., and *Commander Donald B. Mac-Millan* believes they visited Labrador repeatedly during the next 200 years. He has just returned from a long expedition to Newfoundland, Iceland, Greenland, and Labrador where he studied the fascinating problem of who, after all, first discovered North America. His "Why Go North?" is the result of long reflections during the long arctic days and nights.

* *

André Maurois had a difficult time getting launched on his literary career. But he did—despite the time demands of an inherited textile mill. Within the past decade he has become a significant figure in French literature. His "Byron" and "Disraeli" are, perhaps, the best known "novelized biographies" of the day. M. and Mme. Maurois, daughter of the dramatist G. A. de Caillavet, are now touring the United States.

* *

Every time *Dr. Hendrik Willem Van Loon* unlimbers his typewriter, sparks fly. His recent article "College for Two?" unleashed a whole galaxy of sparks over at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, home of steel mills and Lehigh University. *Dean Max McConn* has tempered the outburst—and captioned it "Is College Really So Bad?"

* *

If you ask him his profession, *Harry Hibschan* of Kansas City, will like as not reply: "A reformed lawyer." For fifteen years he practised law in the State of Washington where the "Shorty Long" episode took place. He has lectured widely, and now devotes most of his time to the American Crime Prevention League.

* *

Theodore Roosevelt, governor of Porto Rico, is a son of the illustrious "T. R." of presidential fame . . . and, many aver, very much like his father. "Better Homes and Gardens" is prospering under the editorship of Rotarian *Elmer T. Peterson* who writes in this issue on the influence of the home.

* *

Douglas C. McMurtrie is a widely known typographer whose range of hobbies includes the history of printing and art. *Leland D. Case*, an assistant

editor on the staff of this magazine, was formerly on the staff of the Paris edition of the New York *Herald-Tribune*. *Donald MacKay* is superintendent of schools at Raton, New Mexico. His was selected as the prize-winning paper on the Chicago Convention.

* *

And now just a word about the illustrators.

H. J. Soulen is a well-known American artist. He visited the Constantinople Rotary Club a few years ago in company with Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, and

was so impressed with its sincere and successful effort to promote international goodwill he did not hesitate to accede to the request to illustrate *André Maurois'* article.

Frederick Carpenter, who did the pencil drawings for "Let's Quit Lawin'" is a New York artist. . . . The woodcut, illustrating "Is There a Santa Claus?" was graven by *Ben Albert Benson*, former pupil of *Allen Lewis* who made the much-commented upon woodblock of Dante for Dr. Thomas Mann's article in the November issue.

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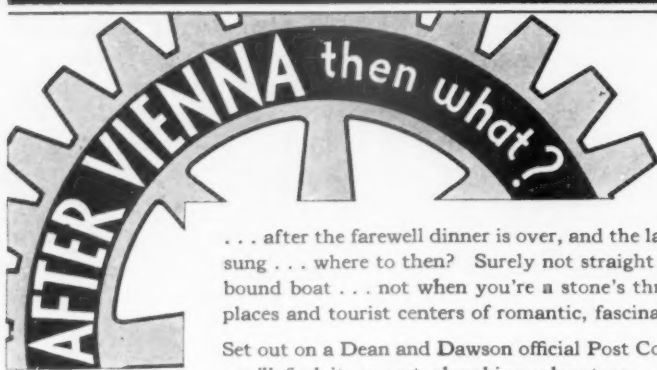
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Rotary Club Activities

[Continued from page 43]

Canada

Men Talk to Boys

MONTREAL—Rotarians are giving Sunday morning talks at the Boys' Farm at Strawbridge. Those who already have spoken are unanimous in saying the experience gave them a "thrill" they would never forget. The boys, too, seem deeply impressed to listen to the men talking of their lives, simply and without cant.

Sponsor Street Fair

BROCKVILLE, Ont.—More than \$2250 was cleared recently by the Brockville Rotary Club through a street fair. Twenty booths were set up, and a costume parade opened the three evenings of the carnival.

Switzerland

In Touch With Trends

ZURICH—Zurich Rotarians are profiting by a series of talks on the modern trend of affairs. They will be concluded by a special meeting for discussion of points brought up.

Friendship Cup

LAUSANNE—Woolwich, England, Rotarians have presented to the local club a beautiful silver cup in recognition of the prevailing "corresponding club" relationship.

See Chocolate Made

BERN—Bern Rotarians and wives were recent luncheon guests of Rotarian Theodore Tobler, manufacturer of milk chocolate, after which they were escorted through the "Toblerone" works.

Austria

Get Publicity

LINZ—The official tourist bureau has been asked to include in its publicity, information as to the meeting time and place of the Linz Rotary Club.

Double Rotary Gift

GRAZ—The government has doubled the amount given by the local Rotary Club to the Steyrian Home for Cripples, enabling it to open a tailor shop.

Honor "Merry Widow" Man

VIENNA—Franz Lehar, beloved Viennese composer, was honored by fellow Rotarians on his sixtieth birthday with recognition of his being awarded the gold medal of honor by the republic of Austria. Another Viennese Rota-

rian, Martin Haudek, was also fêted, he having likewise received the gold medal of honor for his work in youth education.

Italy

Wedding Aftermaths

TURIN—When Prince Umberto was married last winter, the Turin Rotary Club established in his honor a fund for educating worthy students abroad. It has just been distributed, 4,000 lira going to a doctor for cancer post graduate work in Paris and London, 2,000 lira to another physician for advanced work in radiology, 3,000 lira to an engineering student going to Germany, and similar aid to a young woman artist who found herself unable to earn her living and continue her studies.

Cuba

School for Adults

GUINES—Concerned over local illiteracy, Guines Rotarians have opened a night school for adult men with an initial enrolment of 82. Other classes for illiterate women, as well as advanced courses will be offered later.

Stop Women Beggars

MANZANILLO—Aroused by statistics, gathered by Rotarians, on feeble-minded women beggars, the municipality has issued an order prohibiting women from asking alms. The health department was also stirred to action, upon learning of a city water analysis which the local club had made by a competent chemist.

Pictures Get Action

GUINES—When long rows of trucks were stalled by ruts and mud on the main roads leading to this city, local Rotarians had photographs taken. These were given publicity in newspapers, with the result that the public works committee announces highway repairs will be made soon.

United States

International Habit

NOGALES, Ariz.—In this city, astride the United States-Mexican border, international goodwill and friendly relations are a matter of daily habit. Particularly fitting, therefore, was the recent meeting when consuls of three nations—Mexico, China and the United States—were invited to speak. A feature of the program was the talk in Chinese given by Mrs. Keng, which was translated by her husband, the Chinese consul.

Liniment Shortage

HAMPTON, Va.—Baseball teams representing the Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs

of this city recently staged a five-inning 13-13 tie baseball game. Erstwhile sedate gentlemen appeared in ludicrous costumes to sell peanuts and otherwise make the affair a rollicking success. A local newspaper, commenting on the game, suggested that all the liniment in the neighborhood would be required to unlimber stiffened muscles the next day. "The players," it added, "did not falter under the oppressive sun, but galloped around the sacks, missed balls . . . just as they do in the big leagues."

Books for Scraps

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn.—Since December 31, 1913, the Chattanooga Rotary Club has been keeping a scrapbook of newspaper clippings, and the eighth volume is now pretty well filled. These books provide an interesting history of the club to which old-timers frequently refer.

Feed Unfortunate

BOONE, Ia.—Itinerants who seek lodging at the local jail during the winter are to be supplied with buns and coffee by the Rotary club.

Rotary Family Reunion

HARTFORD, Wis.—A Rotary four-generation family reunion took place here when the local club celebrated its 155th consecutive 100 per cent attendance meeting. The club that sponsored Hartford, the three clubs fathered by Hartford, and one Hartford club-grandson, sent large delegations of members and wives. In all, 225 persons were present. It was a large undertaking for the Hartford Club, but successfully managed.

Fifteen Good Times

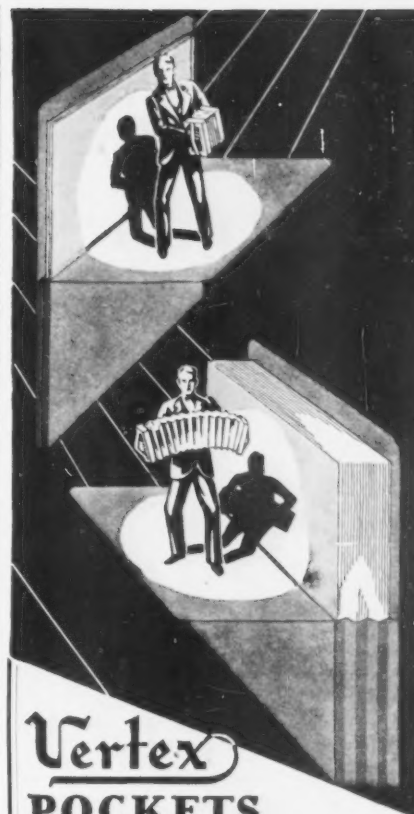
MIDDLETOWN, Conn.—Middletown Rotarians paid expenses for two week outings of fifteen boys at Camps Kiehtan and Hazen. Some of the boys have written letters of appreciation.

Milwaukee Hospital

GIBSONVILLE, N. C.—When W. T. Whitsett, of the local club, visited Milwaukee recently as a delegate to the United Lutheran Church Convention, he took greetings of the Gibsonville Club to the Milwaukee Rotary. In all, about twenty-five of the delegates met with the Milwaukee Club.

Many Hands Across the Sea

WINONA, Minn.—For two years local Rotarians have been fraternizing with the St. Pancras, London club. An exchange of loose-leaf books containing letters from individual members resulted in several men, of like classifications,



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carrying on correspondence. Recently the relations were strengthened by the visit in Winona of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Cann, of the St. Pancras club, and at St. Pancras of Rev. S. L. Parish, from Winona. Both clubs have had programs dedicated to each other, with suitable acknowledgment by cablegrams.

Provide Scholarship

MIAMI, Fla.—Local Rotarians are providing a scholarship at the University of Florida for a South American student.

Unique Beneficences

CARLISLE, Pa.—Certain bits of community service done by the local club are probably unique in Rotary. They include furnishing the local hospital with instruments, and needy public school students with glasses.

Pay for Booklets

OAKLAND, Md.—Ten thousand booklets advertising Garrett County have been prepared, printed and mailed with the Oakland Rotary Club footing the bill. Many favorable comments have come from clubs to whom copies were sent.

On Tour!

[Continued from page 15]

monuments and the great cities. I mean simply that the standard tours should be supplemented by little excursions that proceed from your own initiative, and that will probably teach you more. Of course to the most cultured travelers there is nothing new about this method. In the United States and in England I have met men and women who had traveled very intelligently in France, and sometimes they were more familiar than myself with the churches and inns of some such province of France.

When I give the foregoing advice to my foreign friends who are considering a trip to France, many of them reply somewhat like this: "You are right. We are perfectly well aware that the way to see a country is not by rushing at top speed along its main highways. We realize that the native life of France is essentially a family life, and that no one can ever understand the country as long as he has not shared in that life. We ask for nothing better than to share in it. We are anxious for nothing more than to understand. But are we to

Centenarian Makes Speech

ORRVILLE, O.—All men and women more than eighty years of age in Orrville were invited to a dinner given by the Rotary Club, and more than fifty responded. One lady, within a few weeks of her hundredth birthday, made a short talk. Her escort reports she hummed the old songs she had heard, all the way home "and got out of the car like a young lady coming home from a party."

Flat Car Tourists

GALESBURG, ILL.—From two decorated flat cars, local Rotarians viewed the new \$5,000,000 Burlington Line Railway yards being constructed here. They were guests of Rotarian George L. Griggs, division superintendent.

Fathers, Sons Meet Monthly

ALBANY, CALIF.—Albany Rotarians are revelling in a fine series of programs. John Bonner, president of the Oakland Club, recently gave a stimulating address on vocational service, and plans have been formulated for monthly father-son get-togethers.

blame for the difficulty we encounter in trying to do just that? In its very nature the French family is an exceedingly closed unit. It does not readily admit the foreigner to its heart. It is no easy matter for an American or an Englishman, arriving in France without having friends there already, to win the entrée into a French house. Our goodwill is absolute, but what are we to do?"

The objection is not without point. Even so, I should answer this first of all by saying that, since the War, the average Frenchman is more interested in foreign things than he had ever been before. Many young people of France speak English, are interested in English literature, and take great pleasure in trying out their knowledge of the language on foreign visitors. So it is not such a hard matter for the American who knows a few words of French to find, perhaps indirectly, a friend who can furnish him with a letter of introduction which will make it easier for him to become intimately acquainted with a French family.

The Smith College girls of whom I

was speaking just now told me that they invariably found a very sympathetic reception in the French homes in which they lived. I myself can assure you that the American who learns to know a French middle-class family is usually destined for a very agreeable surprise. Culture in France is rather widespread. In homes that will seem almost shabby to the foreign visitor, in Paris as well as in the small towns, there is a taste for the finer things and an intellectual curiosity that will amaze him.

Perhaps when he first enters such houses the American will be struck by the observation that they are lacking in the physical comforts to which he is accustomed at home. But he will see soon enough that they offer him another sort of comfort, and perhaps a more satisfying sort. France is not a poor country, but it is a country that is prudent, economical. Its people do not like to spend all their earnings on bodily luxuries. They prefer to build up a bit of capital, either for their old age, or for their children.

Even in business matters the best families are governed by this spirit of prudence and modesty. To the American business man who wishes to understand the French business man, my advice is to study those he finds, either in the North, in the Lille-Roubaix-Tourcoing group, where he will meet with very up-to-date men and a very cordial reception, or in the East, or indeed at Lyons, which is a very remarkable city.

For the ordinary tourist, it is my belief that (if he is not in personal touch with any French family) the little provincial inns of which I have just been speaking offer the best place for him to study the French people. There intimacy is the rule of life. He will soon know his landlord and some of the tenants.

Some English friends of mine make a practice of going every year to Caudebec, on the Seine. They have become the friends of the innkeeper, of the fishermen, of the whole town. They afford an excellent example of the advantage that lies in seeing a little and seeing it well, as opposed to seeing a lot of things very badly. By their close acquaintance with this village alone, they have reached a perfect understanding of the soul of the French provinces.

There is just one more thing I should like to add: It is that, for my part, I ardently hope that such travelers will be

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the means of establishing a much more intimate contact between France and the United States. Both countries suffer from a very imperfect understanding of one another, and those at home in each country are cherishing absurd notions about the other. Now it is my belief, on the contrary, that each one of us has a great deal to learn from the other, because the two are complementary.

The American will discover in France the model of a calmer life, a life in which

the family plays a bigger part. The French visitor will find in America the embodiment of a youthfulness, a vigorous curiosity, a generosity which will please him very much when he comes to know it well. The traveler is not merely a man who is out to enjoy himself. He is also an ambassador representing his own country to the country that he is visiting, and an explorer who can bring back to his own fellow-countrymen the valuable things he has learned abroad.

Where Ideas Turn Wheels

[Continued from page 23]

mess, he employed "waterleaf," a very cheap white paper used about the mill in lieu of towels. Absent-mindedly he stopped half-way to look at his task. Something in his head clicked as it once had in Newton's, if the apple story is correct. Here was an idea—a paper dust-cloth!

If you take the trouble to check up, you'll be surprised to learn, as was I, that in the first year paper dustcloths were on the market, eight carloads were sold. Housewives like paper dustcloths for they clean and polish at one swish; and because they are cheap, can be discarded when soiled without offense to the family budget. They too are put up in rolls with a heavy cardboard saw-edge on one side of the box-container—another money-making Concentrating Club idea.

And there is the story of paper tablecloths. It was a husband who had to wait for his wife to clean up the church basement after a chicken dinner who contributed this idea.

"Why not," he asked, "use wide rolls of paper for those long tables?"

"Yes," his wife replied, "and if we ate on them at the picnic tomorrow we could roll the garbage up in them and throw the whole thing in the litter can."

So, wide rolls of paper tablecloths came to be—a product that is doing much to stabilize KVP employment.

Scores of other profitable specialties have been developed from ideas turned in by concentrators. There are the gummed crêped strips to shut out breezes that sift under windows, and special parchment sheets for morticians,

nurseries and clinics. Cooks are learning a new technique of preparing foods cooked in paper sacks. And a best seller is the paper hood for crated lettuce, which, sprayed infrequently with water, keeps the heads fresh from Texas to New York.

THE latest use for this versatile paper is binding books—another Concentrating Club idea. Smooth parchment paper was tried out at first, but was found unsatisfactory because it burst at the hinge. But crêped paper worked handsomely, the tension of the bend being relieved by the tiny wrinkles. Prospects are bright that soon parchment paper-bound books, as durable and as attractive as their cloth cousins, will appear to worry and complicate an already topsy-turvy book industry.

Jack Noble, a pipe fitter, a few months ago suggested that paper strands be used to replace wicker trimmings on furniture. Mr. Strawn liked the idea, and contrived a machine to twist it into little ropes.

"Do you suppose," his wife asked him one night, "it could be used to replace the cane in this old chair?"

"Reckon as how it could," he replied—or something equivalent. Anyway, a good-looking rehabilitated chair resulted.

The local scoutmaster, eager to forestall the proverbial employer of idle juvenile hands, interested them in the project. And the community was combed for bottomless chairs and stools. A KVP salesman presented the idea to the manual arts division of the Western State

Normal School—and now many teachers are using parchment paper instead of raffia and fibre-cord.

And thus an industry that will employ scores of men, as it develops, has grown out of an old chair.

"It gets to be a game, this finding new uses for our paper," one of the office staff told me. "I happen to know how we got started on waxed paper for butchers."

Here is the story as he told it. It seems that President Kindleberger, though he gives all credit to fellow "concentrators," himself takes a turn at original thinking every now and then. On one of his concentration nights, he sat down and focussed his gaze on a table. A tube of vaseline caught his attention.

"How many uses," he asked himself, "has vaseline?" And he promptly set out to see.

In the basement he found his "A" radio battery had badly corroded posts. He cleaned the accumulation away, anointed the parts with vaseline—and hasn't been troubled by corrosion since. The urge of discovery upon him, he turned to the water softener and greased the nuts and bolts. The reluctant furnace door swung more happily after he applied the balm. So did the garage doors. And thus he went, from room to room, spreading lubrication with a toothpick.

Back in his chair, he diverted his interest to paper. Could vaseline be—? And there was born the idea for the most popular item on the KVP price list—waxed wrapping paper. It does not stick to meats, and is especially popular with meat markets and delicatessens. It has been out but a short time, and already is selling at the rate of two carloads a week and, incidentally, is giving employment to scores of men.

A WAR has been raging for many years in breakfast food companies, with the advertising and sales departments ranged against the production men. The former insist that waxed paper wrappers destroy the sales value of bright cartons; the latter as vehemently assert this sheath is necessary to protect food from ravages of microbes and the ups and down of the thermometer. But the dove of peace is preening her wings for action. And this is how *that* has come to pass.

A Battle Creek concern thought it could use a waxed cardboard carton and

do away with the transparent paper wrapper. It placed a large order for such printed, waxed containers. But before they were delivered, a mill demonstration showed the slight variation, as container after container was clipped off, would, after a few thousand had run through the boxing machine, bring the trademark off center.

What to do! The Battle Creek company had spent \$40,000 on a special machine to use these cartons. And a large order hung by a thread.

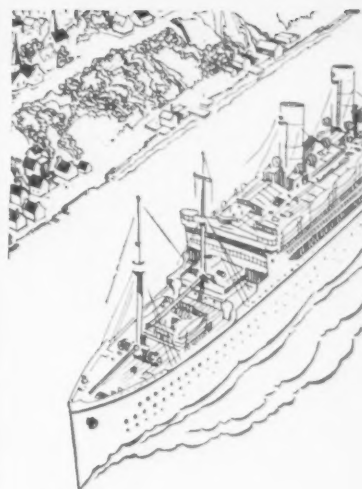
Then a modest genius, a mechanic, came forward. He suggested using a photo-electric cell, popularly known as an "electric eye." It was a winner. Within four weeks an "electric eye" unit was complete, ready to be attached to the boxing machine.

Now, tiny key dots of black printed on the waxed carton cause the "eye" to blink, which trips a knife, which cuts the cardboard at exactly the proper place, which kept an expensive machine from the junk pile, which saved a profitable order, which insures numerous repeat orders—and, in all, promises to revolutionize the food-container industry and bring peace to warring departments. All because of *an idea!* Yet there are those who say no romance is in business.

Every day at the KVP plant has its thrills. An impalpable waste, once dumped into pits, is to be molded into marble-hard electrical devices. While I was at the plant came word that a casket manufacturer was enthusiastic over coffins covered with silver and bronze crêped parchment paper, and would place an order.

Ideas like these may pop out of the Concentrating Club any day—and this keeps employees on their toes and, it may surprise some readers to learn, contented. Probably that's why this company has never had labor troubles. When men contribute useful ideas, they are given honorable mention and have the satisfaction of knowing they are more firmly established with the company. That is all—but, apparently, enough.

"It is my belief," Mr. Kindleberger stated in response to a question, "that men don't want coddling, but just old-fashioned justice. The morale of our employees may be attributed to the fact that no one takes the high-hat attitude. The man in overalls is treated as re-



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But the experiences of the company with employees purchasing stock has not been satisfactory.

"We do not believe it produces a better workman for the company nor more loyalty," declared Mr. Kindleberger. "Many times an employee with five shares of stock will assume the attitude that he owns the plant and no longer needs obey his foreman or superintendent. Some can be trusted to become

stockholders, some cannot. Nor are we committed to the bonus system. Personally, I believe the quality of the commodity manufactured under the bonus system has more tendency to slip than where the bonus is not paid."

It is, however, a cardinal point in KVP policy that men must be interested in their work, and this is where the Concentrating Club again helps. When men talk about new ways of using paper as interestedly as they do about last night's poker party or next Saturday's football game, they aren't going to be stampeded into a strike. Especially, when, in time of depression, they know the fruits of their concentrating have not only saved their own jobs but actually have created employment for others.

At least, that's the way officials of the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Paper Company look at it. And there are those who think they are on the right path.

"The Lights Are All Bright, Sir"

[Continued from page 12]

evolve such things as improved washing compounds, heat-proof glassware, aluminum and bakelite utensils, mending compounds, new paints, enamels and lacquers, convenient fertilizers, weed-killing and pest-destroying solutions, wholesome preservatives. The commercial chemists are constantly providing new kinds of canned and preserved foods, insuring the preservation of vitamins and general wholesomeness. Synthetic chemistry is creating compounds never found in nature, and some of them are used for flavoring or for other household uses.

Radio is one of the most important and significant of all manifestations of modern invention that bring people back to the home. It brings opera, symphony, notable public addresses, outstanding athletic events, theatrical performances to the fireside. When television becomes a home institution, which is a certain development, the pull back to the home will be still more marked.

And the end is not yet, for man's inventive genius will quicken transportation and communication to an extent that will make it possible for the homelover to enjoy in his home practically

everything now found outside except actual participation in yacht races, golf games, or similar events. Except for golf, hunting, and fishing, we are becoming bystanding sportsmen, anyhow. And science sees to it that we can do our bystanding in an overstuffed davenport at home just as well as down town or far afield.

And how about golf? Does this increasingly popular game tend to disrupt the home?

Not if indulged in with moderation. A moderate indulgence, if anything, is likely to increase the interest in home life, for it brings the devotee close to nature, where he can be relieved of the jaded ache that comes with skyscrapers and steel girders and hot paved streets, and have touch with tender grass and plants, with the sight of sky and water and clouds. And such things revive the hunger for a garden home.

Human nature is hard to chart and definitely classify. Sometimes the very forces that would appear to bring about a given result actually bring about its opposite. It is a matter of common observation that as people undergo hardship,

they are likely to become more religious, and more thankful for their blessings.

The experience of the Pilgrim Fathers in the first days of the Massachusetts Colony is an example. Imprisoning a man is likely to cause him to react against constriction and long for the open air. There are reactions observable about us everywhere—reactions against soft ease, over-eating, sex over-indulgence. So we cannot safely diagram the workings of human nature. But it is safe to bank on vigorous and definite reactions. And it is also safe to bank on certain primitive, fundamental, and unquenchable human yearnings which no amount of changing outside force may destroy.

One of these yearnings is for the gathering-place of that group which is indispensable to the perpetuation of the species, and John Howard Payne uttered an everlasting truth when he wrote, "Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, there's no place like home."

Whatever furore may arise over birth control, or the shrinking family, or the emergence of the business and professional woman as contrasted with the homemaker, or any other trend of modern society, it may be taken as certain that Nature will fight fiercely for the preservation of any branch in her great family of families. And she cannot preserve the human species without causing her children, in turn, to fight fiercely for that institution that is necessary to the preservation of the group composed of human parents and offspring. In the last analysis, and in the most satisfying sense, home and family are synonymous. Powerful instincts therefore are arrayed mightily on the side of the home, and all distractions must needs be temporary and passing.

And so, by a sort of biological necessity and instinct, science and invention, combining forces with the yearning for culture and recreation and comfort, are working for the restoration and greater solidarity of the home. Nature will not tolerate race suicide, whether by deliberate intent or by thoughtless and weak surrender to superficial and frivolous pleasure-seeking.

There are reasons to believe that the present eagerness for "careers" that is apparent in the presence of girls and women in business and professional life

will tend actually to bring women back to the home. For one thing the "law of equal reaction" may be depended upon. For another thing, there is no question that innumerable acquaintances are made by women in business and professional life which lead to marriages and the founding of new homes. The old-time seclusion of women and girls may have been even more conducive to spinsterhood than the modern conditions. After all, the home instinct is so powerful that it can be depended upon to reassert itself despite all superficial or seeming obstacles.

ONE thing is certain—in the newer scheme of things, with shorter and shorter work-days, and with swifter transportation, husbands and fathers have acquired more opportunity to spend time at home. In olden days there may have seemed to be greater opportunity, but it must be remembered that the working days were much longer, and the male breadwinner, coming home late from his toil, was not in the best possible physical or mental state to build up and consolidate a comprehensive family spirit. The need for sleep deprived him of many precious hours that might have been spent with wife and children in recreation or companionship.

A century ago about eighty-five per cent of the American population, for instance, was rural, and farmers have always had long working hours. They still have them, in fact. But the rural population of the United States has shrunk to about thirty per cent, and the men of other occupations have found ways of shortening the working day. Under modern circumstances, in the cities, most men have anywhere from one to four hours of evening daylight to spend with their families, with possibilities of two to four more hours after sundown. An increasing number of men are using this leisure for gardening, romping with their children, puttering about the house, picnicking, and other activities having to do with family life.

The legend that American people are more and more becoming sandwich-snatchers, delicatessen hounds, and transient boarders at home, barely getting acquainted with the other members of their families, has arisen from our human tendency to take sensational and

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exceptional cases and pretend that they are universal. It makes something to talk about and write jokes about, but it isn't backed by much fact in the trends now becoming plain.

In the monthly digest of conditions in the common brick industry, published October 1, 1930, are found the following comments:

"The building habits are being changed by the decentralization of our large metropolitan centers. . . . The rapid rate of increase in our large cities necessitates many of them being entirely rebuilt. This trend also has its influence in residential construction and development. Rapid transit and subway systems bring suburban sections within living distances of our large centers. . . . It is no longer necessary to live in congested districts or undesirable living quarters in order to be within close range of one's work. Modern transportation serves the forty-mile radius with such speed and comfort that entirely new cities are springing up rapidly along an ever-widening circle around the large centers of industry."

This decentralization means even more detached homes, more actual home life, more leisure for home-minded men.

If men have been able to hold on to marginal leisure hours available for home life, and even to increase them with shorter working days and better transportation, is it reasonable to suppose that women, whose homemaking instinct is rooted still more deeply, should tend to go in the opposite direction and get farther and farther away from home?

THE writer once heard an institutional worker try to emphasize the importance of her job by saying that home life is giving way to community life because of the highly organized state of human society. There is no point to this except a confession of indolence and frivolity on the part of some parents. Abdicating parenthood in favor of hired or voluntary guardians of community activities is not justified by any real or imagined exigency of modern life. No amount of argument can convince the average person that social centers, however well conducted, could or should act as acceptable substitutes for the home and the companionship and leadership of parents. The Boy Scout, Girl Scout, Campfire Girls,

boys' and girls' clubs and other group activities are fine. They are essential in the modern scheme of things. But their benefits do not take the place of blood ties. They only serve to supplement them with a new and valuable form of social cement.

The subject of the trend of home life is a rather large order for a short article. This particular discussion must come to a close. But, in summarizing, it is well enough to recapitulate:

There is no justification for any possible deterioration of home life. There can be no acceptable substitute for the home.

There is no intelligent or intelligible reason why science or progress should necessarily tend to destroy home life.

If anything, science and progress have made it infinitely more possible for a more satisfying, gracious, and complete home life, with increased leisure, to be brought about. If we do not take advantage of these possibilities, we do not deserve to exist.

Science and progress have ushered in uncounted items of improved equipment and accompaniments of home life, such as have made home life immeasurably more attractive than formerly. The home

is forging ahead in its competition with outside destructive forces.

The same inventive genius which has devised means of taking people away from their homes is working even more powerfully to draw them back.

Now that we have had our taste of heady stimulant in the form of new diversions rather suddenly brought in by invention, we have had time to settle back and appraise their merits and demerits. Some of the diversions have palled. The inevitable reaction has come. The most substantial joys of life are coming back into the perspective, taking their rightful place. And home life, which is universally admitted to be the foundation of good citizenship, is by far the most important of these substantial joys.

The family is coming back to the evening meal, to the fireside, to a more tranquil and enduring happiness, to the newer version of the old-time evenings spent in singing around the cottage organ, or playing charades or "Consequences," or "Adjectives," or reading aloud.

Candles and kerosene lamps have flickered out, and have gone. But the lights of home are still steadily and even more brightly shining.

Why Go North?

[Continued from page 9]

and looked out over a restless sea of ice some forty feet in thickness and stretching over the top of the world to the northern shores of Siberia, a grinding mass, never still, winter or summer.

It seems but yesterday when Peary sailed out of Philadelphia on his first northern trip, and yet at that time the northern end of Greenland was a blank. No one knew how far north this land extended. Many declared that it reached on to the Pole itself, and that its unknown end was possibly Wrangel Island, off the northern shores of Siberia.

Landing on the beach, within twelve degrees of the Pole, with a broken leg, he would not go home. His friends believed in him. He would do what he came to do. In the early spring he disappeared up over the great ice Sahara. He had gone on into the unknown. He stood on the back of one of the wonders

of the world, an ice shield or dome 500,000 square miles in area reaching practically from the sea to an altitude of 9,000 feet! A great level highway stretching indefinitely northward which brought forth the exclamation, "I've found it!"

What did he mean? A new and untried route to the Pole. Man had attempted with the strongest ships made to open a road through the ice of the polar sea and failed. From now on dogs would do the work. As he went on into the North, to his surprise, his aneroid barometer indicated that he was going downward, and finally the day came when he stepped from the great ice cap into a rolling country, a land of butterflies, bumblebees, flowers, and herds of musk ox. He had failed to reach the Pole, and failure was registered upon the minds of the public; but not upon the minds of the botanist, the entomolo-

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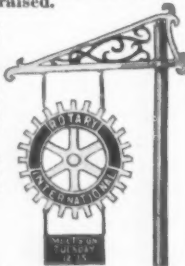
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gist, or the zoologist, who were not interested in the Pole but in the life of a theoretically barren and desolate region.

Up to the present time, scientists have brought out of the North from beyond the Arctic Circle more than 700 species of phenogamous, or true flowering plants. As far north as land goes we find flowers during the summer months. We find them at the edge of the glacier, great rivers of ice stretching from the interior. We find them bordering the snow banks, and we would find them at the Pole itself if there were land there of low altitude. And how explained? Days and weeks and even months of continuous sunshine, far more during the growing period than in more southern and temperate zones.

PEARLY failed again in 1894, failed again in 1895, failed again at Victoria Headland, again at Etah, again at Cape Sabine, again at Lady Franklin Bay, again at Cape Morris Jesup, again at Cape Sheridan, but each time he failed in reaching his objective, he added something of real value to the knowledge of the world, either geographical or scientific. And then the day of all days, April 6, 1909, when at last he stood where no man has ever stood before or since!

What did he find? That was the great question—one which man had been trying to answer for more than three hundred years. Land or no land, a deep or a shallow, or an open polar sea. No open polar sea! From Cape Columbia to the Pole itself, a distance of 413 miles, he found nothing but a great sea of ice, cracked by pressure into great pans, and by the pressure also squeezed up into gigantic ridges, many of which extended as far as the eye could reach.

There was no land, which he hoped to find. And very evidently there never has been land at the Pole, as quite conclusively proved by the line of soundings, the last one being taken at a point estimated to be about five miles from the Pole. A crack in the ice was found through which a lead could be lowered, and down, down it went for some 9,000 feet! A deep Polar Sea, and not a shallow one as some scientists were inclined to believe.

The attainment of the Pole naturally overshadowed other important work of

the expedition, which was fortunate in finding two nests of the Knot (*Tringa canutus*) the first ones ever found, although the young were reported seen in this locality thirty-three years ago. Hundreds of fossils were gathered at the very edge of the polar sea. Coal seams within nine degrees of the Pole were examined and evidence found of a temperate and even tropical climate.

Is it not of great interest and value to learn that where we now find 500,000 square miles of ice, the thickness of which no one knows, but which reaches an altitude of eight, nine, and even ten thousand feet, there once grew the giant redwoods of California? Think of a bed of excellent coal twenty-five to thirty feet thick at 81° 45' north latitude! Here we have one of the biggest beds in the world, and in that bed we find evidence of three species of pine, two of spruce, the bald cypress—almost identical with that of our southern states—two species of poplar, birch, and hazel, a viburnum, and even a water lily!

Hills now covered with ice were once covered with forests, and waters now at a temperature of 29.2° F., and practically concealed by the great polar pack, were as blue and warm as the waters of our New England coast. During tertiary times, according to Professor Asa Gray, "Greenland had the climate of Pennsylvania and Virginia." Such facts are of greater value than the attainment of a pin point in the center of a field of ice, the accurate location of which can never be found.

When walking along the edge of the polar sea twenty years ago, at a distance of 430 miles from the North Pole, in a slight depression in the sand not two feet above the highwater mark, I discovered a single small egg, the egg of the Arctic Tern. When we grasp the full meaning of it all, we are amazed.

In the tiny brain of that mother in her home in Patagonia, 11,000 miles distant, there was the instinct to go; and on she went up the west coast of South America, across the Isthmus of Panama, on up through the United States and Canada, Labrador, Baffin Land, North Devon, North Lincoln, Grinnell, and Grant Lands, to the very edge of the apparently limitless polar pack, and there built her home in preparation for the arrival of that tiny chick, 22,000 miles

of flight to lay one tiny egg!

And why so far? Is it not possible that at one time, hundreds of thousands of years ago, when white waters were blue and barren hills were green, that was the home of that bird? Home to lay her egg, hatch out her little one and lead it back on its long flight to its winter home far beyond the equator!

WHEN a tiny Wheatear, dead tired, fluttered through the porthole of my cabin with our ship frozen-in seven and one half degrees from the Pole, I wondered; as I did when tiny eider ducks just out of the shell leaped to their deaths at the call of their mother; as I did when high on the cliffs in May with the air fairly vibrating with the whirring of the wings of literally millions of little auks, their one musical note swelled and decreased in volume like the peals of a mighty organ; as I did upon discovering a ptarmigan, breast stained with blood, bravely defending her eggs against the attack of a lemming.

We were not exploring, discovering new land, or mapping the old; we were learning something of real value, the secrets of bird life at its most important period, the breeding season, chapters that have never been written in the "Life History of North American Birds."

And equally interesting is the animal life of the Far North. Explorers have failed to reach their objective, but they have brought back many interesting facts for the scientist: That as far as land goes there he has found life, even in the middle of the long dark arctic night. For many years we have reasoned that such animals as the musk oxen and caribou, grass and moss-eating animals, must necessarily migrate south to obtain sufficient food to live, for all lands in the Far North must be buried deep in snow. Now we know that there is not as much snow in North Greenland and Grant Land as we have every winter in New England. Snowfall depends upon humidity, and humidity upon the presence of open water, of which there is very little during the dark period.

The botanist, the geologist, the zoologist, the ornithologist, the meteorologist, and even the entomologist are very much interested in the results of an arctic expedition, but not more so than the anthropologist. For we find here at the top of the world a race of people living

as man lived thousands of years ago—a very primitive people, clothing themselves in undressed skins, living in a hole in the ground, which is really descriptive of the winter igloo, subsisting largely upon raw meat.

No books, no schools, no king, no queen, or chief—but they are better morally, better physically than the best of civilized races, and fully the equal intellectually. This supports the statements of Alfred Russell Wallace: "There is no proof of any real advance in character during the whole historical period. . . . That our mental faculties have increased in power during the last two thousand years is totally unfounded. . . . There is no proof of continuously increasing intellectual power. . . . There has been no definite advance of morality from age to age, even the lowest races at each period possessed the same intellectual and moral nature as the higher."

Summing it all up, it amounts to this, that during the last two thousand years, at least, we have made no progress at all, physically, morally, or intellectually.

To meet this statement, some have said, "That can never be proved or disproved, until we find a race living today as man lived two thousand years ago." We have found them: the Smith Sound tribe of Eskimos, with whom we have lived six years, within twelve degrees of the Pole. We have seen them under all kinds of conditions, winter and summer, have traveled with them for thousands of miles with our dog team. Our igloos have been filled with food, and all was happiness, laughter, and song; and I have been with them when we were compelled to eat our dogs to keep plodding on, always optimistic, cheerful, encouraging, generous to the last degree. E-took-a-shoo, Arklio, Ark-pood-a-shah-o will ever remain with me as the best traveling companions I have ever had in twenty-two years of arctic work. Savages, yes, but their hearts are the same as our own.

And in answer to that ever recurring question *Why?* I sometimes reply: "I believe that arctic literature alone justifies the expenditure of every cent." Follow Peary in his long white march to Navy Cliff and back to his hut in Bowdoin Bay. Follow him on that midnight march to Fort Conger, the one man who dared to sledge in the darkness and bitter cold of the arctic night. He gropes

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along the side of the building, pushes open a door closed for seventeen years by men who retreated south to die at Cape Sabine, and stumbles in with both feet frozen to the ankles.

Lashed to a sledge, temperature at sixty below zero, his toes sloughing off one by one, he was carried by his faithful Eskimos back to his ship frozen in the pack two hundred miles south. In the spring we find him headed northward again with a pair of improvised crutches lashed to his sledge! The guardians of the North, ever ready to thwart the purpose and ambition of man, must have bowed their heads in humble submission as "Peary-ark-suah" and his native fur-clad helper picked their way through the rough ice of Kane Basin. Sledges broken, dogs gone, twice staggering from starvation, he would return not for gold or fame, but to place the United States flag where that flag had never before flown.

HIS words upon receiving the gold medal from the National Geographic Society were: "The true explorer does his work not for any hopes of reward or honor, but because the thing he has set himself to do is a part of his being, and must be accomplished for the sake of its accomplishment." No finer example of energy, persistency, determination, and courage can be presented to the youth of the world than that of Peary during his eighteen years of Arctic work.

Follow the gritty Englishmen in their march along the unexplored shores of North Greenland in 1876. Inexperienced in arctic travel, their equipment crude, cumbersome, and almost pathetic, pulling their heavy sledges, up to the knee and mid-thigh in deep snow, they finally resort to standing pulls. With men dying, and all broken-down physically, Beaumont, their leader, writes a note and places it beneath the rocks, where it was found many years later: "We'll go on as far as we can and as long as we can. God help us."

Picture in your mind Scott and his men at the South Pole. Faces black with frost. Clothes stiff with condensation of weeks of travel. Wrists, fingers, and toes frozen, they stand beneath the British flag at the end of their seven-hundred-mile walk. They had pulled their own sledges as Englishmen should. They had won out against all the hostile elements

of that great ice-covered land. But they were not happy. True, they had won, but they had lost. A few yards away, the Norwegian flag was flying, found by them upon their arrival.

I shall always believe that the sight of that flag was the cause of the death of Scott and all his men. They were not returning home as victors return, doubling and even trebling their marches. Spurred by the thought of success in their great undertaking, each day's march would have been a bit longer, a bit nearer home, and nearer their cache of supplies. They camped twenty miles away and there they remained caught by the blizzard, and daily becoming weaker.

Oates with feet and hands frozen had been helped continuously by his three companions. He knew that they were giving him their strength, which might mean their lives. As he crawled into his sleeping bag, he turned to Captain Scott with the words: "I hope I won't wake up in the morning." He did. He crawled out of his sleeping bag, turned to Scott and said: "I am just going outside and may be some time." He pulled the tent flap aside, walked out, and disappeared in the drift.

You know the story. Months later Scott and his men were found frozen beneath the folds of their tent. Oates did what he could. By sacrificing himself, he hoped to save the lives of his companions. The name of Oates will never die, but will live on to awaken in the heart of every boy the best there is in him. In such acts—and there are many in the annals of arctic history—we find the leaven that lifts the whole mass of humanity. Results geographic, results scientific, are not comparable to such as these which make for character.

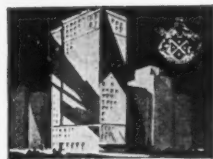
The real value of arctic work is the recording of hitherto unknown facts, pertaining to this world in which we live, the substitution of truth for ignorance, mere guesswork, and conjecture. And that is why we are going back next June into what is called "The Great White North," a land of midnight sun and noon-day nights; a land desolate in the extreme during the winter months, but bathed in sunshine during the summer, with secrets locked up in her hills and beneath her ice caps awaiting the explorer, the scientist; facts to enrich the sum total of human knowledge. And these are of real value.

In St. Louis



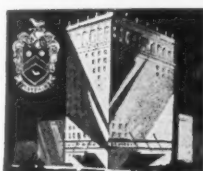
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Let's Quit Lawin'

[Continued from page 18]

had anything whatever to do with their attitude.

England revoked these decisions by statute nearly a hundred years ago, but the United States inherited those out-moded doctrines along with the common law. While England made great progress with commercial arbitration, Americans were cramped by the Vynior ruling until 1920 when the New York arbitration law was passed. This repudiated Lord Coke's doctrine, and has since been adopted in substance by congress and by six other states, namely, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Oregon, Pennsylvania, California, and Louisiana.

The New York law definitely declares that a written agreement to settle by arbitration a controversy then existing or one thereafter raising is "valid, enforceable, and irrevocable." It specifies how a party who balks at carrying out such an agreement may be compelled to proceed with arbitration—which is a far cry from Lord Coke.

IN SUCH a case, the other party may file in the Supreme Court a petition for an order directing the party in default to proceed according to the agreement. Eight days' notice is required, after which the matter is heard summarily by the court and promptly disposed of. It is then provided that if a party who, under the contract, has agreed to appoint an arbitrator or arbitrators still refuses to do so, the court may make the appointment and then order the arbitration to proceed.

Arbitration hearings are to be held at a time and place fixed by the arbitrators. Parties may be represented by attorneys. They have power to compel the attendance of witnesses; and to examine them as they see fit. They are not bound by any technical rules of evidence. Their award must be in writing, subscribed and acknowledged. It may be filed in court and judgment entered on it at any time within a year.

The fees of the arbitrators are those allowed for referees, or such as are agreed upon by the parties. They may be assessed against the losing party or

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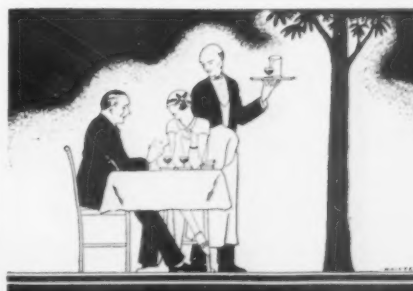
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divided, as may also the expenses of the proceedings.

The law provides for an attack on the award; but the grounds are limited. When judgment has been entered on it, that judgment has the effect of any other entered in the same court.

In New York there is now an organization called the American Arbitration Association that has become the leading body working for the popularization of arbitration, the extension of liberalizing legislation to other states, and the provision of proper facilities for making the new statutes effective. It now maintains a panel of arbitrators made up of nearly five thousand men of standing located in fifteen hundred cities and towns throughout the country, all of whom will serve as arbitrators on request and all of whom are specialists in the commercial and industrial world.

SOME of the older arbitration systems have been even more extensively operated. In the motion picture industry, for instance, thirty-three tribunals disposed of over thirty-five hundred cases involving claims amounting to more than seven million dollars in three years. These tribunals are now collaborating actively with the American Arbitration Association.

Other industries in which arbitration has been recently established are: the American Zinc Institute, the American Fur Merchants' Association, and the Rubber Association of America.

In spite of the progress that commercial arbitration has made in the United States, it is evident that the movement is still in its infancy.

There must be an extensive campaign of education to bring business men everywhere to an understanding of the operation of arbitration and its advantages over litigation. And, of course, legislation along the trail blazed by New York needs to be enacted in every state in the union.

So we come back to Shorty Long's suggestion:—"Let's quit lawin'." Business men might well labor for the complete renovation and reform of the judicial system; but while working for that, wise men will not overlook the advantage of substituting arbitration for litigation.

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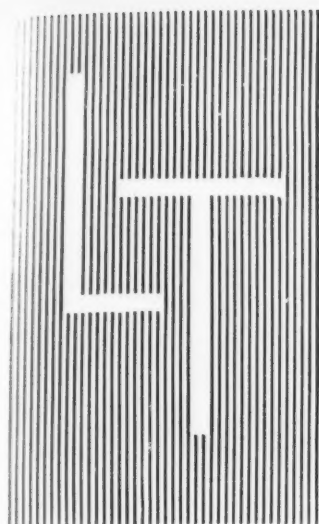
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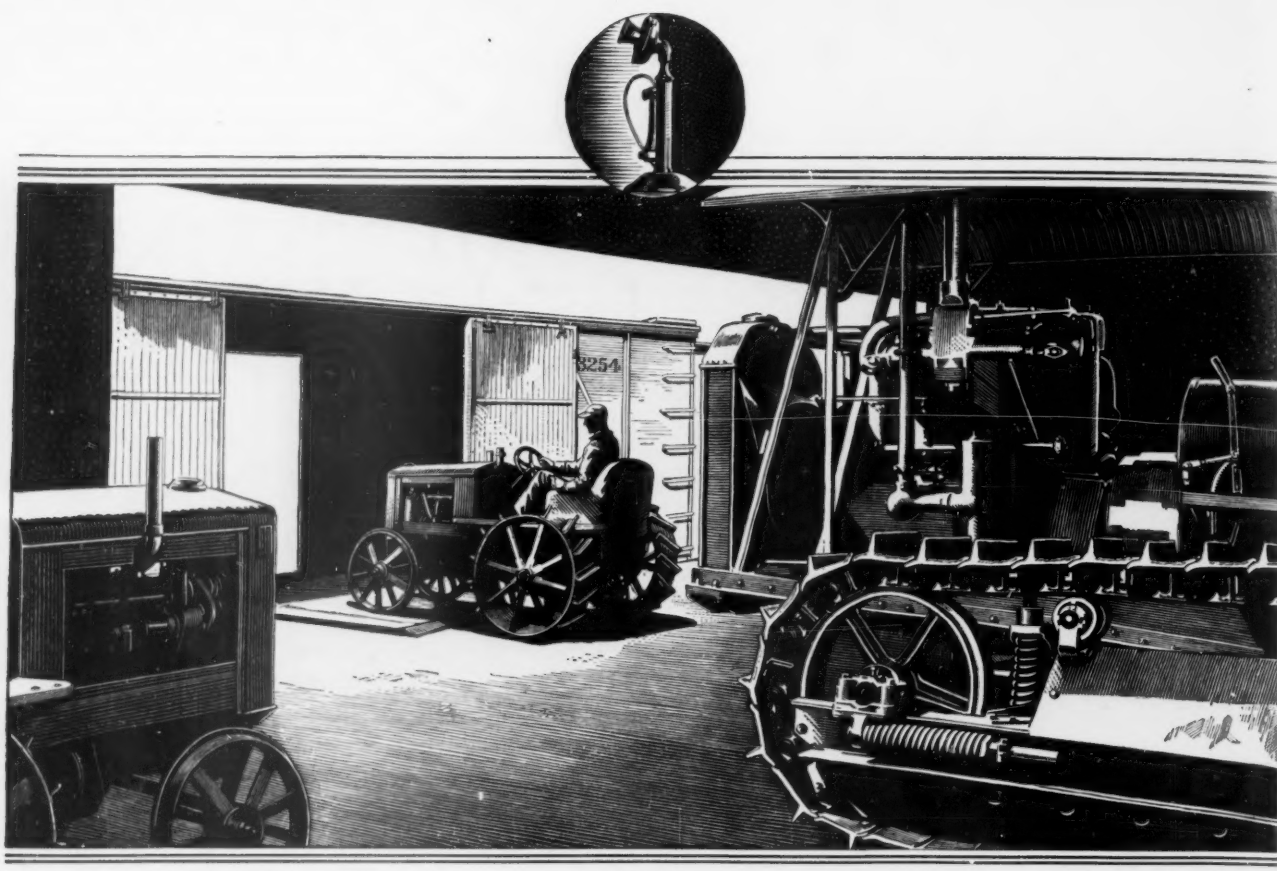
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